Southern State Normal School Library
Springfield, S. Dak.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 109, NO. 23 NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1943 NUMBER 1514

The Bombing of Berlin

The military importance of bombing Berlin is probably being overplayed in the American press. Certainly it is a serious matter to have a quarter of the German capital destroyed in a single week: Berlin has played a large role in Germany's war effort, it is her biggest city and the Nazis had boasted they could protect it. Nevertheless, Berlin could be utterly destroyed and the Germans could still fight on fiercely for a long time to come. Air power can probably knock out a country only when it is able to attack practically all military targets within its boundaries. There are still large areas in eastern Germany that have not yet been reached. They could be reached, however, from British-American airfields in Russia. We earnestly hope that the Moscow Conference arranged for the use of such fields, or if not, that the subject is being discussed at the Churchill-Stalin-Roosevelt meeting.

That the Allies are morally justified in their attacks on Berlin there can be no question. One does not need to go back to what the Germans did to Warsaw, Rotterdam, London and Coventry for such justification. Berlin is a military target in every sense of the word. The Nazis glorify war and cannot logically object to its consequences. It is unfortunate that anti-Nazi Germans must also suffer, but there is no help for it.

There is one sobering reflection that must come to every American as he reads of the destruction wrought in Berlin. Military experts all say that if there is another war and the United States is drawn into it, as we probably would be, it is overwhelmingly likely that our cities would be bombed as Berlin has been. Recent and prospective advances in aviation would destroy the immunity which we have—thus far—experienced in the present conflict. If we want to make sure that what happened to Berlin doesn't happen here, we must this time make a real attempt to do away with war.

The Patton Affair

In regard to General Patton a few points seem clear. First, the General is, or was at the time of the several incidents recently publicized, in a highly emotional state. He needs a long rest far from the battlefront. Second, it is hard to believe that a man so ignorant that he never heard of what used to be called "shell shock" can be a competent army leader. We are not overlooking the tribute paid him by General Eisenhower; but we are also taking cognizance of the fact that General Eisenhower was bound to praise Patton if he decided to keep him in his command. Third, the army censorship was revealed as incredibly stupid. A tacit prohibition was put upon printing the story immediately after the most serious of the incidents occurred, although anybody with any sense must have known that it would leak out. Then, after Drew Pearson broke the story in a radio speech, the army in North Africa committed the folly of denying that Patton had been reprimanded, hiding behind the bare technicality that the reprimand does not appear on his military record. A censorship so stupid and inefficient in this case raises disturbing questions whether it may not be equally stupid and inefficient in others that have not come to light. Fourth, the whole handling of this affair is renewed evidence that the military mind constantly needs to be checked up, and in many cases overridden, by civilians.

CONTENTS

The Week 795
Editorial
A Spendthrift Good Neighbor? 798
General Articles
American Literature in Wartime . . . . . Malcolm Cowley 800
Let the Soldiers Vote! . Coleman Rosenberger 803
British Labor in the Fifth Year . James Jeffrys 805
Santa Espina (verse) . . . . Louis Aragon 806
Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 807
This Is the Air . . . . . Stark Young 808
The Bandwagon 808
Correspondence 811
Winter Book Number
Another Open Letter . . . Henry Miller 813
German Nationalist Literature . . . . . Alfred Kantorowicz 814
How to Criticize a Poem . Theodore Spencer 816
The Science of War . . . Max Werner 818
Americans in Battle . . . . Ira Wolfert 820
War and Poetry . . Sgt. William Abrahams 822
Tiger in the Night . . . Jacques Barzun 824
Toward a World Republic . . Irving Brant 826
Science for the Layman . . . . . B. B. 828

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1943, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Striking a Soldier

One important aspect of the Patton affair has been largely overlooked by the civilian commentators, who seem to regard the rule that an officer shall not strike a soldier as wholly for humanitarian purposes, and as peculiar to the armies of democracies. As a matter of fact it is deeply rooted in military tradition, and was observed even before the last war by the strictest of Prussian officers. The point is that an officer who strikes a soldier loses caste, since he is supposed to be able to enforce his orders by word of mouth, and to retain the respect of his men by maintaining the self-possessed dignity of an "officer and a gentleman." If corporal punishment was to be administered as a disciplinary measure—as was once the custom—it had to be done by non-commissioned officers, and in cold blood. From the military point of view, an affair like this is not an instance of too severe discipline, but of poor discipline, and its effect is to be judged by the resulting attitude of the soldiers toward their commander.

On this point, General Eisenhower seems to be reassured. At this distance it is difficult to say whether he is wrong. But we can say at least that an officer who, in spite of this strong military tradition, can so lose control of himself is the type of man who never should have been advanced to high rank, and so be put in a position to embarrass his superior. It is too bad that a general good in other respects should have to be disqualified for a failing of this nature, but either the fault should have been eliminated long ago, or he should not have been put in command of an army.

To Stop Inflation

Two hundred and seventy-eight members of the House of Representatives have just voted to increase your grocery bills greatly in the next year, perhaps by 100 percent, and to hike them up substantially, probably 10 percent, almost immediately. Only 117 Representatives voted against this policy, voted instead for food subsidies to enable the administration to carry out its hold-the-line program on the cost of living. If you don't know which group your Representative was in, look up a Congressional Record for November 24, or if you do not have access to a copy, write us and we will let you know where he stood. It is important that you know and that you act on that knowledge, for this first defeat for the anti-inflation team marks the end of only the first phase of the fight.

We are far behind as we line up for the next phase, to be fought in the Senate. It is no small-time combination of stupid, greedy plunderers we are up against. They are the sleekest and the smartest of Washington "operators." The on-the-spot lobbyists for the anti-inflationists, on the other hand, are the tiny group of overworked trade-union and progressive "legislative representatives" whose duties include about twice as much as anybody can do in the hours of a day. These people who are fighting our fight must have stronger support if their work is to carry real weight.

The quantities of letters and telegrams which have poured into Congress since the relation of subsidies to inflation and higher prices began to be widely understood has already made a big difference in the climate of opinion on Capitol Hill. The Senate still has to vote on the subsidy question. The President has made it clear that he will veto the bill if the Senate passes it. In that case, the measure will go back to Congress and your Senators and Representatives will have another chance to vote the way you want them to vote.

If you want to keep prices down, do something about it before it is too late.

Murdering the OPA

As soon as it had beaten the administration's food-subsidy program, at least temporarily, the inflation bloc in the House plunged immediately into the next round of its fight to wipe out price control.

As we have pointed out several times in recent weeks, the latest tactics of this group are to hack up the OPA into little pieces and parcel them out among ambitious administrators of other agencies. Under that scheme, control of both oil and coal prices would go to Harold Ickes in his dual role of Petroleum Administrator for War and Solid Fuels Administrator. Food-price adjustments would become the business of War Food Administrator Jones. The hacked-up OPA would be left to die. When Prentiss Brown refused to O. K. a 35-cent-a-barrel price increase for oil, recommended by Mr. Ickes last spring, Representative Disney of Oklahoma introduced a bill, supported by the oil industry, to transfer oil controls to Mr. Ickes. The oil lobbyists and their friends had not been able to budge that bill out of committee until last week when Representatives from some coal-producing states suddenly threw their support to the Disney bill. These two groups, together with some members of the farm bloc, have now produced the 218 signatures necessary to discharge the Disney bill from committee and force it up for the consideration of the House. It is generally understood that when the oil bill comes up on the floor, an amendment will be offered also transferring coal-price jurisdiction to Mr. Ickes, as a reward for the coal group, and further that the Fulmer bill transferring food-price control to Jones will be made into a rider, as a prize for the farm bloc.

Representatives of these plunder groups have been swarming into Washington by the hundreds. Representatives of the people whom these plunderers seek to rob are still few. The support given their effort to hold off inflation is still puny by comparison with the organized steal that they are challenging. If the OPA doesn't get a real people's bodyguard soon, there's going to be a murder.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boss Crump Once More

Boss Crump of Memphis, Tennessee, is at it again. A few days ago, a meeting of Negroes was scheduled to be held in Memphis, to hear A. Philip Randolph, president of the International Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Shortly before the meeting was to take place, about twenty prominent Memphis Negroes were summoned into conference by one of Crump's henchmen and ordered to call off the meeting, being threatened, if they refused, with an attack by a white mob that would start a race riot. Boss Crump, defending his action, took a familiar line. "Memphis can run its own affairs," he said, "and no blatherskite or demagogue of the North or South should be permitted to interfere with the friendly relations between the races that now exist in Memphis." Translation: Mr. Crump is keeping the Negroes thoroughly suppressed, and intends to continue in that course.

Peace Prayers

It is only natural that the Pope should speak of the desirability of peace just before Christmas, and that he should appoint December 8 a day of prayer for peace. No reasonable person should expect the head of a Christian Church to cease longing for a cessation of hostilities as soon as may be. It is perhaps unfortunate, however, that this gesture should come precisely at the time when Germany is apparently seeking to negotiate an armistice without the unconditional surrender which the Allies demand, and at the moment when Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin—and possibly Chiang Kai-shek—are likely to insist on that surrender.

Those responsible statesmen are no less eager for peace than the Supreme Pontiff. Indeed, one might infer they place a higher value on it, since they will not stop fighting as long as they believe there is the slightest chance of the war being renewed at some future time. If they were to appoint a day of prayer, they would undoubtedly decline to cry peace when there is no peace, but would urge the enemies of the Axis to ask for strength to persist in the bloody sacrifice until the conditions of permanent peace can be secured.

Canada Helps the Refugees

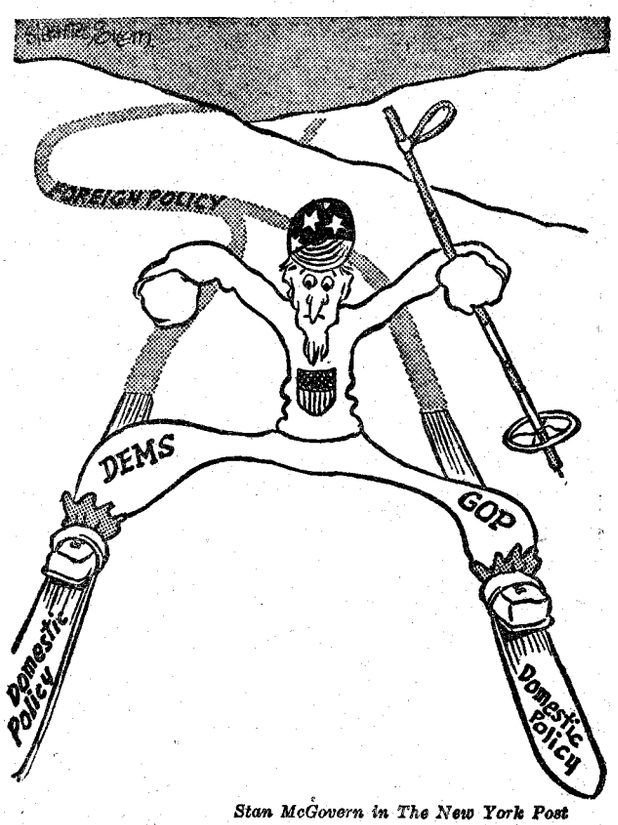
At a time in the world's history when the fate of the victims of racial and political persecution is so often dismissed with a shrug or speech in diplomatic doubletalk, it is a pleasure to record that one nation, at least, is not contenting itself with expressions of pious horror but is taking effective action. That nation is Canada. The dominion government has recently decided to offer emergency asylum to refugees from Hitler terror who are now in Spain and Portugal, and has sent an immigration officer to Lisbon to grant visas. Canada's action, of course, is in accord with the recommendations of the Bermuda conference, though the government emphasizes that it has taken the decision "on its own behalf." It is a sad commentary on the sincerity of other participants in the conference that today, nearly seven months after it adjourned, Canada is still the only nation to have put its recommendations into effect.

It is impossible to say how many refugees will benefit by Canada's decision, and the number will necessarily depend to some extent on the availability of shipping. Between April, 1933, and April, 1942, Canada admitted 39,000 immigrants from Europe, the great majority of them refugees, and gave temporary asylum to several thousands more. There is therefore every reason to hope that, thanks to the government's decision, four or five thousand can be brought across the Atlantic in the next twelve months, in addition to those who will come as ordinary immigrants.

If Canada can open her doors to this many refugees, surely the United States, which is so much richer, can do at least as much. Yet the few neutral passenger vessels which still make the run between Lisbon and the ports of our Eastern seaboard today arrive less than half full.

Will the Senate Tax?

After the most casual sort of consideration, the House has finally passed a tax bill which will yield less than one-fifth of the $10,500,000,000 in taxes requested by the Treasury. The terms of the rule under which the bill was considered in the House permitted no changes to be made from the floor and therefore scarcely a majority of the members turned up to vote on the measure. The "debate" on this vital matter con-



Stan McGovern in The New York Post

Wonderful Form

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sisted mainly of a series of orations by Chairman Doughton of the Ways and Means Committee and his gang from the committee, who had butchered the Treasury program so brutally before it was brought to the floor. They bellowed and moaned about how the American people are bearing the heaviest tax load in the world! Doughton again stated their disbelief in inflation, calling the Treasury estimate of the inflationary gap "a statistical abstraction." Republican after Republican rose to curse the corpse of the administration's tax plan; scarcely a Democrat rose to defend it.

Now the latest inflationary proposal is before the Senate. Indications are that we may expect little more, in the way of adequate tax legislation to drain off surplus purchasing power, from the Senate Finance Committee under Walter George than came out of the House committee. George has stated that he sees no prospect of significant changes in or additions to the House bill except for an extra billion dollars he thinks might be raised from a new tax on reserve liquor stocks. Will the Senate take the chance it is about to be given and show that it wishes to represent all the people by daring to tax enough and equitably?

A Spendthrift Good Neighbor?

SOMEONE HAS REMARKED that politics is the only profession for which we do not believe that any previous preparation is necessary. A perfect recent example is the attack made by Sen. Hugh Butler of Nebraska on our Good Neighbor policy toward Latin America. To it Senator Butler brought very little good sense, only a minimum of intellectual intergrity and no political responsibility at all.

We do not say this with any wide-eyed naïveté. We know that these qualities are normally at a discount in politics, and particularly in the present Congress. But there are two facts that make Senator Butler's attack of more than usual importance. The first is that it falls in the area of foreign policy, and not merely of domestic politics. The second is that we are at war, and that all the Latin American republics involved in the attack are our allies in the war.

Senator Butler is another of our traveling Senators, who cover large distances without shedding their provincialisms and without gaining wisdom. He made a private and unofficial trip last summer through Latin America. He has now submitted to the Senate a "report" on it, covering 176 pages. And he has written an impressionable article for The Reader's Digest, culling some of the more glaring flowers from his garland of criticism. His general indictment is that our government has laid out $6,000,000,000 for a three-year program in Latin America; that most of it represents waste, extravagance and muddle; that it has left the Latin American countries both ungrateful and contemptuous; that it requires nothing from them in return; and that it has set them against each other and against us.

If these charges were true, they were a grievous truth, and grievously would the New Deal administration have to answer for them to the American people. But the people of both the United States and of the Latin American countries may be certain that they are, in the main, not true. Vice President Wallace, whose integrity and responsibility have never been questioned, and who knows more about Latin America and our policy toward it than Senator Butler could ever have gleaned, has issued a forthright and unqualified repudiation of "the shocking slur" against our allies to the south. "The policy of the Good Neighbor," the Vice President assured them, "is the policy of the people of the United States, and I am confident it will continue, and not be temporary."

The Wallace statement was necessary because our Latin American neighbors are proud and sensitive people; they still have memories of the "Yankee imperialism" that preceded the Good Neighbor policy; they find themselves depicted in Senator Butler's report and article as, in effect, the beneficiaries of a vast boon-doggling swindle on the part of the American government—as hogs swilling at the trough of American plenty, and ungrateful at that; they are likely not to understand that an American Senator has not the slightest right to speak either for the government or the people of the United States; and they might therefore erroneously regard this as an indication that we intend to abandon the Good Neighbor policy and go back to the good old days of dollar diplomacy and political arrogance.

Not only Vice President Wallace, but also Nelson Rockefeller and Senator McKellar have issued statements challenging Senator Butler's figures as grotesquely inaccurate. And yet—aside from the light that the inaccuracies may shed on Butler's mental processes and integrity—the statistical element seems to us far less important than the question of policy itself. If Senator Butler is right about the nature of our Latin American projects, then even six hundred millions—the estimate of Mr. Rockefeller—is too much to spend. If Senator Butler is wrong about the nature of our projects, then even six billions—his own figure—is not too much to spend.

One set of items mentioned by Butler has to do with what we are spending for rubber from Brazil, planes for Bolivia and kindred matters. Torn out of context, the size of these items may seem wasteful. But any economist knows that there can be no definition or assessment of waste except within a given context, and measured by given standards. One of the big elements in our Latin American program was that of immediate war necessity. We had to increase the production of certain strategic materials and prepare the ground for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the production of others. We had to help countries whose national incomes were low to arm themselves for not impossible attacks by our common enemies. We had to help them build highways for military purposes. Note that Senator Butler does not dare attack the inherent principle of that policy. And yet given that principle, his specific attacks fall to pieces.

A second major element in our policy has been the buying up of stock piles of goods which we could not immediately move, so that in the absence of shipping their price structure would not collapse and thus ruin the economies of the countries involved. This has always been recognized as sound price-stabilization policy. Senator Butler has not dared object to the inherent principle involved here either. Yet once given that principle, his attempts to ridicule our purchase of large stocks of goods which we have not yet used become empty and distorted.

A third major element in our Latin American policy has been the starting of planned long-term developmental projects for Latin America, in collaboration with the peoples involved. This has included such diverse items as sanitation and hospital projects for the conquest of disease, the development of steel works in Brazil and experiments in agricultural colonization. Among the cruelest of Senator Butler's charges has been his lampooning of our efforts in this direction. He finds it funny that we should help Ecuador to grapple with her problem of public health by building a hundred-bed hospital in Quito, and planning a maternity hospital. He finds it equally funny that we should help Guatemala with her program of drainage and malaria prevention. Someone ought to tell the Senator that there is nothing funny about the attempts to fight disease on this continent, or to bring healthy children into our Pan-American community.

Finally, it has been an element in our Latin American policy that we insert into the contracts we award a clause saying that they must be carried out within the framework of the labor and wage legislation of the country involved. Would Senator Butler have it different? He finds it funny that we should be paying $3 a day for labor in the Dominican Republic or in Paraguay. He says this is "disruptive," because native labor there has always been paid 60 or 70 cents a day. This is reminiscent of the attacks of our Southern congressmen against the raising of family allowances for our soldiers on the ground that it will corrupt Negroes and Mexican Americans who have always lived in poverty. The fact is that we could not honorably do less than live up scrupulously to the social legislation among our Latin American neighbors, even if their own big employers fail to live up to it. And the fact is that since the entrance of the American continent into the war, the cost of living has gone up steeply in Latin America.

These are only a few instances of how Senator Butler has sought to tear facts out of their context in our considered and long-range policy, in order to make a Republican holiday from their slaughter. The American people have grown accustomed to irresponsible statements from Republican congressmen affecting the home front. But when they threaten to disrupt the delicate relations between us and our neighbors and allies, they become something other than a matter of Congressional Record whimsy. More than anything else that has happened recently, Senator Butler's statements raise the question of how far you can stretch political irresponsibility during wartime without deliberately and consciously hampering the united war effort.

It will be interesting to note the extent to which the other Senate Republicans will join Senator Butler in his irresponsible distortions. It will be interesting to see what line the leading Republican candidates will take on this issue. For what is involved is not merely a matter of specific instances of administrative laxity, such as must be expected in any large program, especially in the stress of war. What is involved is whether we mean to continue the Good Neighbor policy, or whether we mean to scrap it and return to the policy of force and fraud. If the Republicans find any fault with the main lines of our economic policy, as we have analyzed them here, let them say so. If they accept the main lines, let them also say so.

In one sense the issues involved go beyond Latin American policy as such. They reach toward the whole of our postwar economic structure. Our Latin American policy, with its use of American economic aid to peoples in need of industrial development and health projects, is a testing ground of the policy which alone can bring economic order to a ravaged and weakened postwar world. And Senator Butler's charges of "boondoggling," "waste" and "disruption" are a curtain-raiser to the verbal strategy which the reactionaries plan to use for postwar economic policy as a whole.

The curtain-raiser does not augur a very good play.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

Editors: BRUCE BLIVEN, MALCOLM COWLEY, GEORGE SOULE, MICHAEL STRAIGHT, STARK YOUNG

Managing Editor: THOMAS SANCTON

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

Assistant Editors: ELIZABETH HULING, GEORGE MAYBERRY, ISAAC ROSENFELD

Contributing Editors: H. N. BRAILSFORD, VAN WYCK BROOKS, VARIAN FRY, JULIAN HUXLEY, ALFRED KAZIN, MAX LERNER, E. C. LINDEMAN, REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

Advertising Manager: E. G. WOOD

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Literature in Wartime[1]

LITERATURE as a business is prospering as never before, with book after book selling more than a quarter of a million copies, but literature as an art is in a dead season. Looking at the bookshelves from week to week, the critic sees little to encourage him. He sees correspondents' stories cabled home from North Africa or New Guinea, although they might as well have been mailed by slow boat and sunk in mid-ocean, the supply of manuscripts being inexhaustible and the chapters interchangeable. He sees inspirational books ghost-written for heroes who found God in a foxhole and a contract waiting in Hollywood. He sees discussions of the peace based on the notion that the world hasn't really changed since 1914. He sees cute memoirs by feature writers and news photographers who met such interesting people. He sees women's magazine serials dealing with the great problem of divorce and how to prevent it—why, the war is the answer, with trumpet calls, Old Glory and so to bed. He sees family sagas by ladies who don't want us to forget that they came from very distinguished families. He sees historical novels that might have been written in collaboration by Miss Ginger Rogers and Parson Weems. He sees book after book manufactured on the assembly line—the 1943 models, reconditioned and stripped of chromium, but with the old dependable motors inside.

It is not their presence that depresses him so much as the absence of other books he had hoped to find. Where are the novels about America in emotional confusion and Europe under the terror? Where are the true pictures of refugees in Marseilles waiting for the ship sirens that never sound, or of harassed officials in Washington, or of airplane plants in Southern California (the Joads are working there now), or of corporations everywhere waving the flag while they scramble for still higher profits and lower taxes? Where are the correspondents' books on a level with the best of those written during the 1930's? Where are the political treatises by authors who recognize that we are entering a new age? Where shall we turn for a discussion of our real problems at home? And, to ask an older question, where are the war poets?—not the battle poets or the patriotic rhymesters, but soldiers writing honest verse about what they see and feel. The need and the public appetite for books are present as never before in our lives, but the authors seem to be stricken with inertia in the face of changes too swift and events too sudden, vast and complicated for them to handle.

Of course we know that many people find it impossible to write books in wartime. Most of the younger authors are living in a G. I. world where they have little time for literature. Many of the middle-aged authors are in uniform too, perhaps serving as war correspondents or as intelligence officers with air squadrons, while others have government jobs that leave them too tired to write. American authors in general are more deeply involved in the war than they were in 1918; this time the radicals are even more patriotic than the conservatives. There are, however, enough able writers still in civilian life—women, 4F's and over-thirty-eights—to produce better books than most of those we have been reading since 1941. Seeking other reasons for the low level of American literature in wartime, we may find that some of them are connected with defeats that were suffered long before Pearl Harbor.

I don't propose to review the literary history of the last twenty-five years. Time and again the critics have discussed some of its chief features, including the reaction against social literature after the First World War and the reaction against personal and formalistic writing that occurred during the 1930's. Sometimes it seems that the record of the inter-war period was that of a swinging pendulum or an alternation between two poles: between the public and the private, the objective and the subjective, the naturalistic or photographic and the fantastic or abstract. Sometimes the same individuals moved in both directions at different times: for example, Archibald MacLeish's first book was a collection of poems called "The Tower of Ivory," a title that might have been applied to almost all his work during the first decade after Versailles. Even future writers on international politics were concerned at the time with a realm of fantasies: John Gunther published an artificial romance called "The Red Pavilion" and Vincent Sheean contributed to the little magazines. In the 1930's, on the other hand, both Sherwood Anderson and Waldo Frank wrote strike novels, using the same technique they had developed for treating subjective themes. By that time subjectivity was out of fashion. The private world was almost deserted for the world of factories, breadlines and international revolutions.

When we look at the period in retrospect, it seems that the social movement among writers reached its highest point in 1937. That was the year of the Federal Theatre and the sit-down strikes; it was also the crucial year of the war in Spain. American writers had been devoting more and more attention to what happened in Europe, and now there was no question of where their sympathies lay. Hundreds of them joined

[1] This is the first of a series of articles on American civilization in wartime. The second will be "Architecture in Wartime," by Percival and Paul Goodman. — THE EDITORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the League of American Writers, which was actively campaigning for the Loyalists. The League published a pamphlet called "Writers Take Sides," of which I have lost my copy; nevertheless I can remember the contents. Out of something like 418 writers who had answered a questionnaire, there was only one who favored Franco (it was Gertrude Atherton). Perhaps a score of the others were cautious or undecided, but all the rest enthusiastically supported the Spanish Republic. Many young American writers served in the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, while older ones visited Spain as correspondents and came home to do propaganda work. There were hundreds of writers who organized Loyalist meetings, signed petitions to the President and raised funds for medical relief. They wrote poems, too, in surprising numbers and with greater eloquence than most American or English poets have shown when treating the war against Germany and Japan. In a sense, the conflict in Spain was *their* war, and the defeat of the Spanish Republic was their defeat.

Spain was also the subject of the novel that Ernest Hemingway published at the end of 1940. "For Whom the Bell Tolls," besides being the best and almost the only good war novel of the last ten years, has so far been the last major work produced by any member of his generation. This remark is not intended as a prophecy, since I feel that some of these writers have still to do their best work, but for three years most of them have fallen into a curious half-silence. There are a few exceptions: Faulkner and Wilson have done some of their best writing, but in shorter pieces. Dos Passos has been working on a biography of Jefferson and has meanwhile published two short novels, the first of which was so bitterly disillusioned that it must have been painful to write; at any rate it was painful for me to read. Among those a few years younger than the postwar generation, Farrell has taken a long step down from Studs Lonigan to Danny O'Neill, and Steinbeck has taken a still longer step from "The Grapes of Wrath" to "The Moon Is Down." It may be that I am neglecting still younger writers, and yet I feel that literary history will not have much to say about the last three years.

This does not mean that I am trying to establish a causal relationship between the Spanish civil war and the present state of American letters; what happened was much more complicated. The fall of the Spanish Republic came midway in a whole series of disasters, a litany we have learned by heart: the Moscow trials, the invasion of Austria, the surrender at Munich, the seizure of Prague and the Russo-German Pact. This last, among other things, was Stalin's declaration to the world that he had lost faith in the power of the Western liberals to influence their governments and that he no longer cared whether they were his friends. External defeats lead to internal dissensions, and the literary world in New York was no exception to this rule; it was divided by as many quarrels as a colony of exiles. Then came the fall of France, which was the deepest of all the emotional shocks to those Americans who had lived there in the postwar decade and had learned to regard France as a second fatherland. I can remember a friend of mine, an aviator in the other war, standing at attention with the tears streaming down his cheeks when somebody put a new record on the phonograph and it turned out to be the "Marseillaise."

Then, too, there were professional reasons for discouragement. The social realism of the 1930's had proved to be a less fertile movement than many writers had hoped. It had produced one novel that grows in stature with the years—I mean Dos Passos' "U. S. A." —and another novel, "The Grapes of Wrath," that has many faults and falsities but still retains the power of a popular myth. It had produced a quantity of good reporting and a few effective dramas, chiefly the early plays of Clifford Odets, but it had also produced many plays and novels that followed the same threadbare pattern of conversion. Considering that it claimed to speak for the popular heart, the movement was strangely argumentative and prosaic. There was the verse of the Social Symbolists, who wrote about the Scottsboro trial in such strained metaphors that they might as well have been using medieval Latin, but there were almost no folk poets. People had begun to feel the need of books with more warmth, inwardness and freedom.

The point I am trying to make depends on a whole series of events, literary and political, but the Spanish war might stand as a symbol for all of them. One effect it had on writers was to separate them from the public at large, which had been less interested in Spain and was now less disturbed by the victory of the fascists there. During the 1930's American writers had been drawing closer to their audience and had gained strength from this relationship, but now they were farther apart than ever. A more serious effect of the war on those whose sympathies had been deeply engaged was that it produced a postwar mood of disillusionment or even despair, and this in the midst of a prewar situation. Like the public itself, if for different reasons, American writers were emotionally confused and unprepared for the events that would soon follow.

The younger writers, those now in the army, were in some ways even more unprepared for what would happen than were those already established in their profession. Two years ago I talked with several of them at length, when I taught for a week in a writers' school on a hilltop in the Berkshires. The students in my class were between nineteen and twenty-five years old, all of them likable in their different ways and some quite talented. They may have learned something from me; there is no doubt whatever that I learned a great deal from them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first thing that surprised me was what appeared to be their total lack of interest in the European war. It was August, 1941, the month when the Germans were sweeping through the Ukraine but had been temporarily halted in the north at the Smolensk Gate. Our own fate was being decided as well as that of the Russians; if they were beaten, it was hard to see how the English-speaking countries could hold out alone. But the battle was raging far from this magic mountain, where, so far as I could see or hear, there was not even a radio to report the news. About two in the afternoon, the mailman came with letters and a single copy of The New York Times. It was seized and carried away by one of the students who had formerly been a Young Communist and who, after losing his political beliefs, had retained the habit of reading the papers. Nobody seemed to mind.

On Monday I suggested an experiment in automatic writing. A dozen students carried their portable typewriters into the classroom, sat at a long table and wrote at top speed for two hours. The rules of the game were that nobody should pause or erase and that everybody should say whatever came into his head. It is good training for writers, young or old, so long as it is regarded purely as an exercise. It teaches them to write fast—a lesson I was never able to learn—and to think at the typewriter. Sometimes it also reveals ideas or episodes or images that have been hidden away somewhere behind their conscious minds and that will make good stories or poems if developed later, consciously and at their leisure.

Nobody was asked to read aloud what he had written, but several of the students insisted on doing so. Their automatic writing was, in general, fanciful, grotesque, humorous, with a certain amount of sexual symbolism; sometimes a student would blush and skip a page. Sometimes he would speak with a firmer voice as he came to an episode obviously suggested by his reading of Franz Kafka; here was something recognizable by his audience as literature. I was impressed by the fact that there was not a single direct reference to the war. There were several deeply felt harangues against the monotony of American middle-class life and one girl was obsessed by the fear of becoming a housewife in Bronxville. Nobody showed any realization that, if Hitler won—as he then seemed to be on the point of doing—middle-class life in Bronxville would become an impossible Utopia.

During the week I held a two-hour conference with each student, reading his poems or stories and listening to his problems. One girl, a gifted poet of nineteen, told me that she had outgrown her excitement about society at large. The former Young Communist was writing Symbolist verse; he worshiped Mallarmé in the same fanatical spirit that he had once worshiped Marx. One evening the students gathered at their own suggestion for a reading from Rainer Maria Rilke's Paris notebooks. These I enjoyed less than the students did, for they lacked the unself-protective candor of good diaries; I may have been unjust to Rilke, but it seemed to me that he was too much concerned with his prose effects. Afterwards the class discussed the years when he had lived alone in Munich (after serving briefly in the army) and had scrupulously refrained from writing anything about the war. They thought he had followed the proper course.

Listening to them talk, I began to feel that Rilke and Kafka, as literary symbols, were the equivalents of Eliot and Joyce after the other war, representing the same reaction against political interests and any compromise with the public taste. I began to feel that my calendar was shaped like a clock; the hands had made a complete revolution, and now I was back in Cambridge at a meeting of the Harvard Poetry Society. Would Cummings read one of his early poems about a saintly harlot? Or had the calendar made a double turn, and was I listening to the Rhymers' Club in London before my birth? Was that young Lionel Johnson in the corner, explaining why he did not mind being separated from men and women: "In my library," he said, "I have all the knowledge of the world that I need." Remembering Johnson's tragedy, and that of all his contemporaries except Yeats, I wondered whether writers learned anything but tricks of style from their predecessors.

At the last meeting of the class I gave a lecture which, as I remember it, was pretty severe. I said in effect that by not making an effort toward intellectual and emotional understanding of what was happening in the world, the students were neglecting one of their chief duties as writers. Afterwards I received several interesting letters from them. One poet said, "I remember feeling there was plenty of evidence that I wasn't unaware of what was happening, in spite of the phony statement that I had outgrown excitement about society. In my stream-of-consciousness writing, didn't you notice the part about hands snagged on the wire and Hitler meeting his beak over the Andes? And didn't I read the part about the refugee climbing a tree?" She was right to scold me for lack of attention. Although none of the students had mentioned the war directly, there were several of these vague allusions that betrayed their worries. There was also a general mood of apprehension at the school that summer, leading to little quarrels and rebellions; but there was no conscious interest in political events. The subject was suppressed in writing and conversation, as sexual subjects used to be. It reappeared like sex in the form of indirect symbols and irrational actions.

These students on the magic mountain had special abilities and training, but in other respects they were not much different from the rest of their college generation. You could picture a whole age-group of young

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writers prepared to spend years in study and partial solitude while perfecting their ability to express a personal vision—in other words, you could picture them as ready for a world that at worst would leave them alone and at best might permit them to serve a long apprenticeship in the art of letters, something like the years that Flaubert spent alone in his mother's house. The one thing for which they were not prepared, intellectually or emotionally, was to be seized and transported into a world without solitude, where their time would be measured by the top sergeant's whistle. All this helps to explain why very few young writers have come forward during the last three years: even those in civilian life are not yet adjusted to a new situation. Another wartime generation faced somewhat the same problems in 1918, not to mention its troubles afterwards. Fortunately the mistakes and delays of writers in their twenties are seldom fatal.

For the last ten or a dozen years, American literature has been dominated by the writers who came of age during or shortly after the First World War—that is, by Hemingway, Dos Passos, Fitzgerald, Faulkner and Wolfe among the novelists, by Cummings and Crane among the poets, by Wilson and his contemporaries among the critics, not to mention a dozen other names in all fields. They had talent to start out with, but they also had special opportunities. Besides giving them an emotional shock, the war opened new perspectives and new countries. Money was plentiful in the postwar years, travel was cheap, leisure was possible and it was easier for new men to get a hearing. All these facts help to explain why so many of the writers admired today were born in the seven years between 1894 and 1900.

It may be that the generation coming of age during the Second World War will have an even greater opportunity. Partly it will depend on political events that are impossible to predict, but there is not much doubt that the public will be eager for new writers. I have no clear notion what these writers will say, and I should question whether their ideas before the war are a good indication of what they will think in the future. A better guide would be what they are thinking today, but civilians can't be sure of that, and I wonder whether the soldiers themselves have had time to make up their minds about it. If there is a postwar disillusionment, it can hardly take the same form as in the 1920's, considering that most young Americans went into this war with comparatively few illusions. I should expect that literature will be more personal, imaginative and lyrical than it was in the 1930's, and it may also be more affirmative (though personally I distrust the word). For the rest, all one can say about it is that it will be interesting, and different.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Let the Soldiers Vote!

CONGRESS has the opportunity now to enact a soldier-voting law equal to the needs of our democracy. A year ago Public Law 712, entitled "An Act to Provide a Method of Voting, in Time of War, by Members of the Land and Naval Forces Absent from the Place of Their Residence," was passed by the House and Senate and signed by the President. It was notable chiefly for its provision outlawing the poll tax as a prerequisite for voting in federal elections by any member of the armed forces otherwise qualified to vote. With only five votes recorded against it in the Senate, it should have finally disposed of the much labored argument about the power of Congress to remove the poll-tax restriction on suffrage in the South.

As an act to provide adequate machinery for soldier voting, however, experience has shown that it left much to be accomplished. Under the law as it was enacted—and as it now stands—a member of the armed forces desiring to vote must request a war ballot from the secretary of state of the state of his residence, using a postcard form supplied by the army and the navy. The soldier vote in the November, 1942, elections under this procedure was negligible. A recent survey by the Census Bureau shows that a total of 78,589 applications were received (excluding New Jersey, where some 58,000 ballots were sent out on the initiative of the state) and that from among these applications only 28,051 effective war ballots were cast. This microscopic vote can be explained partly by the fact that the act was passed and the machinery established only a month and a half before the November, 1942, elections. But more important are the inadequacies in the machinery itself.

As the law stands, no date is fixed by which war ballots must be mailed to applicants by the secretaries of state. In the 1942 elections, ballots were sent in accordance with the absentee-voting laws of the states. In many cases the state laws do not provide adequate time even for soldiers stationed within the United States to vote and have their votes counted. In Indiana, for example, the absentee-voting law provides that ballots shall be mailed out not more than 15 days before election day. In California the time is 20 days, in Wisconsin, 12 days. In more than half of the 48 states, the time is 30 days or less.

Equally important is the absence of any provision in the existing law fixing responsibility for carrying out its purposes or providing penalties for its violation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A soldier may apply to the secretary of state of his state for a war ballot—and the initiative must be on the part of the soldier—but there is nothing to guarantee that he will receive it or that it will be counted. The Attorney General of Texas ruled that only the distribution of war ballots is mandatory under the law, and that it is a matter for the discretion of the local election boards whether the ballots should be counted or not. Eight states seem wholly to have ignored the law's existence.

If the members of the armed forces are actually to participate in the 1944 elections, completely new machinery for that purpose must be enacted into law. Such machinery has been worked out by Senator Green (D., Rhode Island), chairman of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, and Senator Lucas (D., Illinois), a member of the committee. The Green-Lucas bill establishes a workable procedure for soldier voting, and offers a valuable implementation of democracy in wartime. Its authors have not underestimated the importance of the problem. In opening the committee hearings on the bill, Senator Green said:

> The men and women who are most intimately engaged in the struggle should have an opportunity to exercise the right to vote which they are fighting to preserve. They deserve that opportunity as individuals. As a group they constitute such a large part of the electorate that any national election in which they did not participate could hardly be called representative.

The new bill, endorsed by spokesmen for the Democratic and Republican Parties and the army and navy, establishes a nonpartisan War Ballot Commission to coordinate the administration of absentee balloting for federal offices by members of the armed forces, members of the merchant marine and civilians outside the United States attached to and serving with the armed forces.

The War Ballot Commission has the responsibility for preparing and printing a simplified federal war ballot for voting for President, Vice President, Senators and Representatives. Ballots and lists of candidates, made up by the commission from information supplied by the secretaries of state of the various states, will be distributed by the War and Navy Departments to units of the armed forces in ample time to ensure balloting.

A balloting day, within certain dates set by the commission, will be designated by the commanding officer of each unit at a time that will not interfere with military operations. The voter will mark his ballot in secret, seal it in an official envelope, fill in and subscribe an oath printed on the envelope, and deliver it in a second envelope for transmission to the commission. Complete secrecy of the ballot will be maintained. The earlier provision for V-mail balloting has been discarded in favor of air mail in the interests of secrecy. Upon receipt of the ballots the commission will forward them, still sealed, to the secretary of state of the voter's residence, who will transmit them to the proper election officials.

Checks on the number of ballots will be maintained from the voter to the ballot box. Reports are required from the Secretaries of War and of the Navy on the number of ballots distributed, received and transmitted to the commission. Reports are required from the commission on the number of ballots received and transmitted to the secretaries of state. Similar accountings are required from the secretaries of state and the local election officials.

The act requires that the ballots be canvassed, counted and certified in the same manner as votes cast locally. Penalties are provided for willful interference with the right of any person to vote under the act, or for failure to count any ballot validly cast under the act.

To facilitate absentee voting so far as possible for state as well as for federal officers, a second title of the act provides a method for requesting absentee ballots for state officers.

There has been general agreement that the Green-Lucas bill offers a simple and expeditious method for soldier voting, with responsibility fixed at each step. Democratic National Chairman Frank Walker and Republican National Chairman Harrison Spangler have appeared before the Elections Committee and given the legislation their formal endorsement. Army and navy representatives have made valuable suggestions for facilitating the administrative procedure, as has a representative of the National Association of Secretaries of State. Admiral Land, who testified that well over 90 percent of the men of the merchant marine are citizens, approved the maritime provisions of the measure.

The bill—although it leaves largely unsolved the knotty problem of absentee voting in primaries, which are held on many different dates—offers perhaps as practical a soldier-voting procedure as can now be achieved. It has grown out of a deep concern for democratic processes, a concern which has been stated by Senator Lucas:

> If these citizen soldiers defending the Republic are denied a part in the civil administration of this government, it is time to inquire: Who is worthy of it? Their opinions and conclusions on social, political and human problems are being molded through the ordeal of a global war. These men will soon control the destiny of this nation. They should not, under any circumstances, be disfranchised in the most important national election since Abraham Lincoln was elected in 1864.

The Green-Lucas bill deserves speedy enactment by Congress. Its fate will be one of the important tests of our belief in democracy. And with 10,000,000 voters affected, it is not an issue of academic interest.

COLEMAN ROSENBERGER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British Labor in the Fifth Winter

"During the last four years the increase in productivity per worker is not less than 20 percent." – *Mr. Garro-Jones, Parliamentary Secretary to the British Ministry of Production, at Bedford, September 22, 1943.*

COMPULSORY TRANSFERS of labor from civilian to war industries; compulsory conversion of peacetime plants to war work; heightened efforts and greater efficiency on the part of both workers and management—these are the main causes for the increase in British war output in the last four years.

Such fundamental adaptations have not been carried through without difficulty and hardship. What is surprising is the smoothness with which far-reaching changes have been accomplished. Success has only been possible because most people have been trying to do a good job. Workers and employers have coöperated willingly. Technicians have worked long nights to increase productivity. Workers whose life-struggle has been against the "speed-up" have made the utmost sacrifice. Most government departments have been efficient in allocating and transferring labor, contracts, machine tools and raw materials.

In this fifth winter of the war, Britain's whole war economy is being intensified, and output is still mounting. More peacetime industries are being forced to release yet more labor for the armed forces and war industry. Women from 45 to 55 are now being called up. The war industries are being forced to adapt from day to day. New methods of attack, increased American production, and relative overproduction of some weapons, are imposing new problems. Plants are expanding, labor becomes redundant, workers are transferred and factories that had only just got on their feet after similar modifications a year ago are being turned upside down. Technicians continue, in close contact with American experts, to devise and introduce speedier methods of production, special-purpose machinery and material innovations that may well revolutionize sections of postwar British industry.

British labor, which has been going all-out for at least three years, is therefore faced with many new problems. Long hours, transfers, the speed-up, women labor, black-outs, dispersal, housing—these necessary and effective measures for increasing output are now tending to show diminishing returns. Increased productivity per worker inevitably means increased strain per worker, and for that matter per manager too.

The trade unions and the government are becoming increasingly concerned with the workers' health and morale. A special health committee has been established by Mr. Bevin, the Minister of Labor; it is composed of leading experts and is considering how to prevent the goose that is laying the golden eggs from being maimed. At the same time, on a lower level, the labor-management committees, the joint-production committees and the regional production boards, representing government departments, employers and trade unions, continually seek methods of alleviating the strain.

The problem is not simple. Improvements in the blackout, ventilation, housing, transport, all involve money, materials and manpower that are already earmarked for direct production. Reducing the hours of work is a simple matter. But reducing hours is of little value unless there are adequate transportation and recreational facilities available.

There is, however, a greater and more fundamental problem—that of labor-employer antagonism. This is not new, of course, but has merely been in the background in the last years. Incurable optimists even asserted that it had been buried by the fall of France, the Battle for Britain, the blitzes and the alliance with the Soviet Union. They had already dug the grave and inscribed "Joint Production Committees Forever" on its tombstone. Now this antagonism is slowly rising again, feeding on the very difficulties of the time.

The smoothness with which the tremendous changes were accomplished in the first years of the war was very real but only possible because labor-employer antagonism was at a minimum. Now, with the end of the war in sight, coöperation is becoming more difficult.

On the employers' side there is a tendency to take their eye off the ball of output and winning the war: instead they are thinking of postwar problems, postwar rates of pay, postwar workers' rights, postwar competiton. Statements about American postwar plans, expansion in the air, for instance, just add fuel to the fire. On the workers' side there are mixed feelings. Some look ahead and see a repetition of dismissals, closings down, unemployment and poverty. They say, "Let's get stuck into them now, we won't have a chance later." Others become apathetic about the slow progress on the military front compared with the immense quantities of available men and material. Others are cynical about the Beveridge Report or about reconstruction of the cities. They lose confidence in the true aims of the war. The failure to open a second front after fifteen months of promises is being interpreted more and more as political sabotage of relations with our Russian ally. "They will open a second front when the Russians are worn out and *they've* made enough money."

At the moment this antagonism is latent. Strikes and stoppages are occurring in mining, aircraft, shipbuilding and factory contracting, but, as yet, the number of workers involved and man-hours lost are remarkably

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

small. The realities of the war situation, the basic common sense of the British workers and the strong trade-union organization have prevented any catastrophe like a major stoppage. Questions in dispute between workers and management are still for the most part referred to negotiating boards built up in the various industries in the last twenty-five years. But this machinery, which worked surprisingly well in the first years of the war, is now proving of less use. "Failure to agree" between the two sides is now a frequent report. The wartime National Arbitration Boards and Tribunals have forfeited a deal of good will from the workers through two recent decisions on wage-claims from engineers and from youths in the mining industry. Some cynics say that arbitration boards award less to the workers than the employers were willing to give in the first place.

The status of women workers in the engineering industry is one of the problems illustrating the difficulties of the day. Agreements were signed by the unions early in 1940 providing for the entry of women into engineering and for certain rates of pay. The addition of women to the labor force and their replacement of men has been accomplished over the last three years on a very large scale. But now that the women have become skilled and are genuinely doing the work previously performed by the men, the employers are refusing to accept the principle of equal pay for equal work. Conference after conference has been held on the question up and down the country in attempts to interpret the agreement, but in almost every case "failure to agree" is the conclusion. Powerful trade unions like the Amalgamated Engineering Union and the Transport and General Workers' Union, and the Trades Union Congress itself, have gone on record for the unequivocal adoption of this principle, but little response has come from the employers. Workers are as a result becoming more and more convinced that women are being used solely as "cheap labor." Although additional woman labor is vitally necessary to maintain and increase output—particularly in aircraft—further employment of women on men's jobs is being fought in many factories. Here is a situation which can, unless handled properly, rapidly reach the deadlock which was reached on the Clyde in the last war over male dilution.

These are problems that labor does not and cannot face alone. The chief responsibility lies with the government and the War Cabinet, and it is to them that labor is looking. Decisive action in the military sphere would remove the deep suspicion that certain circles who want a long war and an exhausted Russia are winning out. Action is also needed to show both employers and groups of irresponsible workers that strikes and provocation will not be tolerated on the home front. Provocation, though a thousand times more difficult to identify than a stoppage, can be proved if investigated on the spot. Lastly, what we need is action to reduce as far as possible the immediate strains of war, and action to introduce measures that will ensure better and more equitable social conditions in the future.

JAMES JEFFRYS

Santa Espina

I remember a tune we used to hear in Spain,
And it made the heart beat faster, and we knew
Each time as our blood was kindled once again
Why the blue sky above us was so blue.

I remember a tune like the voice of the open sea,
Like the cry of migrant birds, a tune which stores
In the silence, after the notes, a stifled sob,
Revenge of the salt seas on their conquerors.

I remember a tune which was whistled at night
In a time that was sunless, an age with no wandering knight,
When children wept for the bombs, and in catacombs
A noble people dreamt of the tyrants' doom.

It bore in its name the sacred thorns which pierced
The brow of a God, as he hung upon the gallows;
And the song that was heard in the ear and felt in the flesh,
Reopened the wound in his side, and revived his sorrows.

No one dared to sing to the air they hummed,
All the words were forbidden, and yet I know,
Universe ravaged with inveterate pox,
It was your hope and your month of Sundays. O,

Vainly I seek its poignant melody,
But the earth has now but operatic tears,
The memory of its murmuring waters lost,
The call of stream to stream, in these deaf years.

O Holy Thorn, Holy Thorn, begin again!
We used to stand as we heard you long ago;
But now there is no one left to revive your romance:
The woods are silent, the singers are dead in Spain.

I would like to believe that there is music still
In that country's heart, though hidden underground;
The dumb will speak, and the paralytics will
March one fine day to the cobla's triumphant sound.

And the crown of blood, the symbol of anguish and sorrow
Will fall from the brow of the Son of Man that hour;
And man will sing loudly in that sweet tomorrow
For the beauty of life and the hawthorn tree in flower.

LOUIS ARAGON

(Written in the spring of 1940)

Translated by Kenneth Muir

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

Mostly about Inflation

THE PICTURE I shall carry with me longest from last week's anti-subsidy debate, when the inflation boys handed the administration a resounding wallop, is of Clarence Cannon, of Missouri, leader of the farm bloc, which means factotum for Farm Bureau Boss Ed O'Neal, bounding about the center rostrum with the portable loudspeaker wire round his neck.

I have never seen this apparatus adequately described. A few years ago the House was wired for sound; fixed microphones were hitched up at convenient places. But for some old-school Representatives like Cannon, this would never do. He belongs to the peripatetic age of oratory; if you tied his hands, he couldn't utter; if you nailed him down, the native eloquence wouldn't spout. So a simple device was installed, which goes round the neck like a hangman's noose, and the speaker drags it about behind him as he rants and roars. Really the sight is quite startling. It demands a Gropper.

At one end of the green carpet Cannon cried: "All three go together—subsidies and free groceries and high taxes!" And then, bounding to the other end of his chain, like a dog brought up by a long leash, he warned: "The alternative [to subsidies] is for the consumer to buy his food like he buys fertilizer—at a fair price on the open market!"

A touch of the macabre was added to this House debate by the efficient parliamentary use made of a corpse. The funeral party to attend the ceremonies of the late, well-liked chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee had to leave and was ready and waiting. Everybody knew what this vote would be, but the debate was interminable. Was the House going to delay matters, leaders at last demanded, and prevent proper representation at this solemn ceremony? The appeal was successful.

Not much is to be said about the 278-to-117 vote. The real fight here will come after Mr. Roosevelt vetoes the measure. I am hoping that Congress cannot override the veto, and that a compromise along the lines of the Monroney proposal will be made, tying future subsidies into the "Little Steel" formula, and limiting their amount to a fixed sum.

These are inflation weeks in Congress, as passage of the anti-subsidy bill, passage of the inadequate tax bill and efforts to breach OPA price control of oil, coal and food, through the Disney and Fulmer bills, illustrate. The conservative press is beginning to take mild alarm and is issuing warnings. One of America's top-rank economists writes me he expects to see prices after the war at least "50 or 60 percent above 1939 levels." We shall be lucky if we escape at that. In World War I the big inflation came *after* the Armistice.

The urge to repeat the folly and throw off all restrictions and price restraints on inflation the minute victory is assured, is coupled now with a sort of religious zeal on the part of many conservatives to destroy all New Deal "socialistic" controls. The New York Herald Tribune, The Times, Walter Lippmann and others have recently issued warnings, but the trouble is this: for eight years or longer, day in and day out, the newspapers of the country have been attacking the administration, the federal government and "bureaucracy," as alarming phenomena. The inevitable penalty of such a campaign is a weakened confidence in all central government controls. The only agency that can stop inflation is, of course, the central government, just as it is doing now. If Mr. Willkie, or Mr. Dewey, or Mr. Bricker is elected next year he will come to office just as the storm breaks. He will be the victim of the newspaper campaign just as much as Mr. Roosevelt is. Members of Congress who believe in "just a little inflation" won't care much who sits in the White House.

Politically not much new has happened except that Wendell Willkie's supporters are as uncertain as ever over whether enigmatic Governor Dewey intends to be a candidate, while a comfortable little drive for Lieutenant Commander Harold E. Stassen has been started, without much publicity, but with adequate funds. As to the latter, a group of Minnesota business men are out over the country, making political contacts and hopefully advancing former Governor Stassen's name in the expectation of getting somewhat more than favorite-son status for him, and providing a carefully placed rod in case the political lightning at the Republican convention can't decide between Dewey and Willkie. Stassen hasn't authorized the drive, but apparently won't repudiate it.

A highly placed traveler just back from Russia is glowing with the possibilities of postwar Russian-American trade and has kindled a sympathetic fire in the administration. The question is, how can capitalist-communist trade be financed? Russia desperately wants postwar capital goods and machinery for a 20-year program of self-industrialization; America needs Russia's manganese, copper, iron, oil and lumber to replace depleted resources shot away in the war.

One proposal is that America should stock-pile a five-years' defense supply of these goods against future emergencies in return for things like locomotives, dynamos and machine tools shipped to Russia. Of course Russia could pay gold. But will America buy another silly gold brick? The only commodity America stock-piled before this war was gold; and gold is the one metal, curiously enough, for which absolutely no war use has yet been discovered. If it had been copper now, or tin. . . .

Investigation discloses that columnists and publicists Raymond Clapper, William Shirer, Bill Hillman, Dorothy Thompson, Mark Sullivan, Walter Lippmann, Ann O'Hare McCormick and others have attended a new series of discreet, non-partisan Roosevelt White House conferences. Suspicious Republican guests, guarding their honor, found no immediate ulterior motives in these conferences, which have now been interrupted for several weeks. Conversation was steered carefully from politics and was instead directed to giving beneficial factual background material about the war.

Washington T. R. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Is the Air

Winged Victory, by Moss Hart. Forty-fourth Street Theatre, November 20, 1943.

IT WOULD BE ABSURD and humorless to be pontifical, or even very detailed, about "Winged Victory." The play is written by Mr. Moss Hart as a contribution to the Army Emergency Fund; is acted by a company entirely from the Army Air Forces personnel, and has got off to a triumphant start. The large theatre where the play opened is alive with feeling and response, with a general warmth and rightness of reaction that is greatly to our credit as public. For the sake of the record there are a few things we may set down.

The theme of "Winged Victory" consists in the pride the men in the Army Air Forces feel in their branch of the service; and out of this derives a kind of thrilling pitch or overtone for the whole play. The pattern Mr. Hart hit upon was simple. It was to take the life of the men from their first hopes of being admitted to the service, their various partings, arrivals in camp and experiences there, then their graduation, experience in the South Pacific, Christmas, longings for home, disaster, hopes for the rebirth of the world for which they are giving up everything if need be and not in vain.

Parts of the play are interesting only because they are transcriptions of life in the Army Air Forces—the awarding of the wings for instance—these scenes are not flat because we know we are seeing the actual happening or routine. Other scenes are very touching and human partly through the youth of the players and partly because they follow the simplest lines. All the stops, in fact, are pulled out before the evening is over, and the sure-fire human emotions and motivations have been appealed to, all but the black, the degraded, the sordid or mean, which are wholly left out. Even the bawdy talk we are used to in soldier plays is omitted. In fact the best evidence of the playwright's talent has been his instinct to keep to one line of approach, and not be afraid of this high level of simplification. The men, the feelings, the ambitions are all normal, admirable and open. This is one form of truth and just as true as any other. The one necessity is that a unity of tone and approach be maintained, and this Mr. Hart has succeeded notably in doing.

The first half of "Winged Victory," with its simple transcriptions from life, is better than the second half, where the personal drama of various men, families and women is undertaken. Various coincidences are arranged, possible enough and natural enough to the good old theatre. Only one of these manipulations is unfortunate; it is too pat and is not needed. The men far out in the South Pacific are having a Christmas party, opening their boxes, reading their letters, giving a show, drinking, when suddenly the planes are overhead and death rains down. The ironical circumstance is too obvious to stir the imagination and serves only to bring the mood down; the Christmas scene in itself is moving and sufficient, and the death could appear at another moment. No great harm is done, however, since we move quickly on into the final moment, where the dream and aspiration the men must have if they are to fight and die are spoken and music closes all.

The whole play is conceived in, and profits by, the black and white scoring of a ballad. With some slight cutting here and there, "Winged Victory" could hold continuously a lyric and delighted response throughout.

Mr. Hart himself has directed the play with a great deal of skill and professional theatre knowledge. In one respect —and often—he could improve matters. The men have been led to shout too much, drive their voices on one level and thus sound too much alike. The variety needed, of soft and loud and of individual voices, could be managed easily with a few moments of rehearsal and personal reminders to the players.

A number of professional actors are in the cast but nobody is featured and it is better to think of the whole occasion as a song, a chorus, a band, one movement of fine bright life. The orchestra under Sgt. David Rose is excellent. The whole venture is a great credit to the men in the Army Air Forces and what they believe, to what is in people's hearts these days, and to the theatre in general.

STARK YOUNG

The Bandwagon

Bruce Bromley, attorney for Esquire, read the witness a long list of contributors to the publication and asked Father Moore [the Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Moore, prior of St. Augustine's Benedictine Monastery and a practising psychiatrist] after reading each name whether he had ever heard of the author. Among the writers of whom the witness said he had never heard were Sholem Asch, John Dos Passos, Theodore Dreiser, Ernest Hemingway, D. H. Lawrence, Maurice Maeterlinck, André Maurois, Thomas Wolfe and John Steinbeck. He said he had heard of Thomas Mann but didn't know who he was.—*From The Washington Evening Star.*

SCOOP!

SHRUNKEN JAP BODY ON DISPLAY IN OUR LOBBY
YOU MAY SEE THIS ABSOLUTELY FREE

Plenty of Delicious Candy on Sale at Our Theatre
—*Advertisement in The Sacramento, California, Bee.*

As to how courting should be done, Dr. Hall said petting is too common with too many dangers involved. There is something about the process that stirs a sex urge.—*From The San Angelo, Texas, Evening Standard.*

Brave New World

Forest Lawn [a cemetery in Los Angeles] has its own post-war project: a helicopter field, which is almost ready now to receive funeral processions from the air.—*From an article in Life.*

On the Home Front

The Antoine Hour—In the privacy of a studio Antoine will study your features and personality . . . he will give consultation lessons to his clients . . . he will create individual coiffures from the most informal to the most glamorous . . . he will make an exciting, drastic change in your looks and personality. Appointment by letter only. $50.00 an hour.—*Advertisement of Saks-Fifth Avenue in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping.—THE EDITORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Southern State Normal School Library
Springfield, S. Dak.

Correspondence

Sardinia Can Help UNRRA

SIR: Nobody outside Italy has yet realized that Sardinia can give substantial help to UNRRA.

In normal times Sardinia imports so-called "soft wheat" and exports "hard wheat." But all in all she is self-sufficient. Twenty-six and eight-tenths percent of her soil is suitable for wheat. But one-third of it is left uncultivated every year. Thus about 250,000 hectares are available for the present emergency. If only 80,000 of those hectares were put under cultivation, an average yield of 12 quintals per hectare—about 1,000,000 quintals—could be expected.

The 80,000 hectares do not raise particularly hydraulic or hygienic difficulties and are not far from roads, railway stations or ports. The fertilizer should come from Tunisia. If machinery were made use of, there would be no manpower problem.

The Allied troops stationed in Sardinia would solve part of their food problem on the spot and the surplus would be available for continental Europe.

New York City DINO GIACOBBE

The Short Story

SIR: The analysis of the present-day literary short story in your October 4 issue, by Isaac Rosenfeld, in a review of "The Best Short Stories of 1943," points out some telling characteristic weaknesses to be found in the work in this field of even our best story writers. His singling out weaknesses in the handling of character, especially the use of detail which is characteristic but does not characterize, is especially keen. I am inclined to believe, however, that the quality which Mr. Rosenfeld seeks and does not find in our best short stories will be found only in the novel. The short story is a highly artificial literary form; at its best it always has been this and always will be. Experiments with the less artificial, more spontaneous types of creative writing which Mr. Rosenfeld mentions have often been attempted but nobody seems to want to read them. Writers, and readers too, who wish to enjoy the full richness of life handled in fiction should read novels and not stories.

Stillwater, Okla. THOMAS H. UZZELL

The Herter Bill

SIR: In your issue of November 1 there appears an article by Mr. Allan Spalding entitled, "The Poor Are Still Poor." In the course of that article there is a discussion of the so-called Herter bill, proposing a food-stamp plan to take care of persons of small fixed income who are being caught in the present price squeeze. After discussing the bill, Mr. Spalding makes the statement: "Before Congress adjourned last July, the bill's backers announced that it would not be reintroduced in the present session."

I am afraid that Mr. Spalding must have been under some misapprehension. There is no way for the backers of a bill to withdraw it in any session of Congress once it has been filed. In this particular case I have not only not withdrawn the bill but have been pushing it as hard as I could. I was given a hearing on it before the Committee on Banking and Currency on October 7, and again, a few days ago, I went with Representatives Voorhis and La Follette and a number of the members of the Banking and Currency Committee, before Rules, asking that the rule under which the Commodity Credit Corporation bill was being debated, be broadened so that I might offer my bill as an amendment. This was denied to me on the grounds that a matter of this importance should have further committee consideration.

I think there is a good chance of the bill's being given further hearings by the Committee on Banking and Currency. It is, therefore, still very much alive.

CHRISTIAN A. HERTER

House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

SIR: I regret that two months ago, when my article was written, I was misinformed concerning the probable status of Representative Herter's bill in this session of Congress. It is good to know that the fight for aid to low-income groups has been continued in Congress, and I wish to thank Representative Herter for taking the time and trouble to correct me on this point.

Washington, D. C. ALLAN SPALDING

The Lesson of Last Time

SIR: Don't you think the following excerpt might be worth republishing? It is from John J. Pershing's "My Experiences in the World War," Vol II, pp. 368-369:

General Wilson voiced the extreme British army viewpoint, but the more conservative element in government circles advised against pushing Germany too far for fear of having no government there strong enough to make peace. *They feared that widespread revolutions in Germany might unsettle Allied countries and imperil constitutional monarchies* [italics mine]. These hints gave the general attitude of the British as it was expressed later on when the time came to dictate the terms.

New York City ALBERT GUÉRARD

The Case for the Coal Miners

SIR: Your editorial "Are Miners People?" [The New Republic, November 8] hits the nail on the head. Miners are patriotic. There is something to their requests for portal-to-portal pay, etc. A boy in uniform whose parents are miners told me that in some mines the miners ride an hour underground to get to place of work and sometimes even two hours. The only occupation in the world where you hit the time clock from an hour to two hours after you get on your employer's property is mining. The average life of a miner is very short. The work is hard, and laboring conditions are terrible. Schools, churches and homes are much below par.

Long Branch, N. J. THE REV. C. H. WITT

From The New Republic Mail Bag

L. O'Dell, of Portland, Oregon, writes us to say he is angry at the moral cowardice he finds around him. The subsidies fight has roused his ire. " . . . It seems to me farmers are cutting off their noses to spite their faces. . . . If restrictions on prices are abolished, the general public will not be able to buy anything."

Mrs. Mary Zetterberg, of Valley City, North Dakota, points out an inaccuracy on page 539 of our Negro Supplement of October 18. She claims that the statement, quoted from John Beecher in The New York Post, to the effect that Boeing Aircraft had no Negroes among 41,000 employees at Seattle, is wrong. She knows of some Negroes who do work there.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW WELL ARE

Is There Something You Could Have Done to Save Millions of Innocent People—Men, Women, and Children—from Torture and Death?

Nazi Massacre of Kiev's Jews Told by Witness

Victims Stripped, Lined Up at a Gulley, Shot; Babies Merely Thrown in Alive

(*By United Press*)

German troops massacred Kiev's Jews during the first days of the Nazi occupation of the now-liberated Ukraine capital, robbing them of their clothes and jewelry and lining them up naked at the edge of a gulley, where they were shot, the Russian Tass News Agency reported yesterday.

Tass quoted an eyewitness story written for the Moscow newspaper, "Izvestia" by Dmitri Orlov, a resident of Kiev.

"Several days after the Germans entered Kiev (on Sept. 20, 1941) I went to Lvovskaya Street. An incessant procession of people was streaming through it, and both sidewalks were lined with German patrols. . . . The Germans were driving the Jews to Babyi Yar gulley, beyond the city.

"I also stealthily made my way to that place. I was able to stand the sight of what I saw there only for ten minutes, and after that everything went black before my eyes.

"The Germans forced the people to undress, and then methodically gathered their clothes and loaded them on trucks. In separate trucks they put underwear.

"Then they tore from the naked people—there were men and women among them—rings and watches, if they had any, and ranged them up, shivering from the cold or from mortal terror, at the edge of the gulley and shot them.

"The Germans did not waste any bullets on little children, but simply hurled them alive into the gulley.

"Those who were waiting their turn stood silently. Some sang or even laughed. I could see that those who laughed were already insane.

"And this thing lasted three days. All those whom the Germans had not, as yet, driven to their death knew what was in store for them. The old men put on mourning clothes and gathered in their homes for prayer. Then they went to Lvovskaya Street. The invalids were supported by others, and some were even carried. And all of them were killed."

With the irresistible advance of the heroic Russian armies, regaining their native soil, the monstrous treatment the Germans mete out to Jews receives new confirmation. Stories of horror which must shake the conscience of humanity—if civilization is to survive—are being published by eyewitnesses. One of these horror stories is reproduced on this page. Have courage and read it!

Perhaps you will recoil. It may disturb your sleep at night. But it may also fill you with anger, with zeal to do something to stop such atrocities, to rescue the Jews who survive.

Not because they were Poles or Dutchmen, not because they were peasants or officers—just because, and only because, they were Jews, more than two million men, women and children have been deliberately murdered by the Germans.

The Jews of Europe have suffered more fatalities from atrocities than all the European Nations combined. In the face of such a tragedy it is folly, indeed it is sinful, to debate whether Jews are a religion, a nation, or a race—to insist on calling them "refugees"—and thus to remain passive to their disastrous plight, ignoring it and surrounding it with silence.

They are a specific group of human beings whom our common enemy has publicly threatened to exterminate entirely. This Committee believes it is an inescapable duty of all Americans to actively oppose Hitler in this respect also, and to do all that is humanly possible to save the four million Jews who are still alive in Europe.

These Four Million Can Be Saved!

Experts agree on that. Sweden and Denmark have just proved it by saving six thousand Jews in a few days.

They are safe for only one reason: the doors of a neighboring country were unlocked.

And because of *that* fact, the escaping Jews found the resources and energy to reach these doors of safety. What Sweden did so simply, so humanely, other nations are being urged to do, *must* do if their consciences are to be clear for the peace to come!

Read what this committee has already accomplished, what its further plans are.

Our Program of Action!

AT THE EMERGENCY CONFERENCE HELD IN NEW YORK ON JULY 20-25, 1943, EXPERTS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES FORMULATED A PROGRAM OF EFFECTIVE ACTION THAT CAN AND MUST BE TAKEN NOW TO SAVE THE JEWISH PEOPLE OF EUROPE. THEY URGED THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE UNITED NATIONS TO ADOPT A PLAN EMBRACING THE FOLLOWING OUTSTANDING MEASURES:

1. To create a Governmental Agency specifically charged with the task of saving the Jewish people of Europe.

2. To seek guarantees from the Axis-satellite countries, through the International Red Cross, neutral countries, or the Vatican, to insure Jews the same treatment given to other nationals.

3. To relieve the starvation and disease which are decimating the Jewish people in Axis-held territory.

4. To insist that the Axis-satellite countries, which now seek to gain the good will of the victorious Allies, withhold their Jews from Hitler's slaughterhouses and permit them to leave their borders.

5. To urge neutral countries—Sweden, Ireland, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, and Turkey—to grant the Jewish people temporary asylum.

6. To request neutral countries to grant transit facilities to all Jewish people passing from Axis-controlled lands to any United Nations territory, regardless of whether the persons involved be refugees, immigrants, or repatriates.

7. To obtain from the Governments of the United Nations temporary asylum with the understanding that after the war these refugees will be removed from their territories if they are not wanted.

8. To insist that Great Britain, pending this tragic emergency, open the doors of Palestine, where 600,000 Jews have expressed their desire to share their homes and food with their suffering brothers, thus putting an end to the discriminatory immigration laws that exclude only Jews from their own country.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU SLEEPING?

THIS COMMITTEE CAME INTO EXISTENCE TO ACHIEVE THE RESCUE OF THE JEWS OF EUROPE

Here Is Part of Its Record

Our offices and representatives in Washington and in London, in Palestine and in Turkey, are urging the respective governments to undertake large-scale action to save the four million Jews in Europe's death trap.

We brought the problem of the Jewish disaster to the masses of American people by nation-wide advertising in the leading newspapers in this country and through national radio-broadcasts, as well as through books, periodicals, and leaflets.

We organized mass expressions of public opinion demanding immediate action, through a mass petition movement, mass rallies and dramatic pageants.

We organized the pilgrimage of five hundred Rabbis to Washington.

We requested and obtained the week of compassion and prayer by six thousand Christian Churches.

We initiated the movement to pay tribute to Sweden and Denmark.

We organized the protest against the omission of the Jewish disasters from the Moscow statement on atrocities.

Now, we are able to state with satisfaction that the President, at his press conference on November 6, and Secretary Hull, in his historic appearance before the joint session of Congress, specifically mentioned their concern with the Jewish tragedy. The ring of silence around the catastrophe of the Jewish people was broken.

More than that. In all our activities, we put forward as the first and most immediate demand, the creation of a specific Governmental Agency with the task to effectuate the rescue of the millions of Jewish people still alive in Europe.

Now a Bipartisan Resolution Has Been Introduced in the Senate and House Demanding the Creation of Such an Agency

This resolution recommends to the President: ". . . The creation by the President of a commission of diplomatic, economic and military experts to formulate and effectuate a plan of immediate action designed to save the surviving Jewish people of Europe from extinction at the hands of Nazi Germany."

This resolution was introduced by leaders of both Parties: in the Senate by Senator Guy M. Gillette and eleven of his colleagues; in the House by Congressmen Will Rogers, Jr. (D.) of California, and Joseph Clark Baldwin (R.) of New York.

The hearings of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House have opened. We hope that hearings of the Senate's Foreign Affairs Committee will begin soon. Prominent men from all walks of American life are testifying, urging this resolution's passage. Wendell Willkie declared this resolution of *"paramount importance. The urgency of the situation demands immediate action. The bill deserves the wholehearted support of every American."*

You Can Do Your Part, Too!

Wire or write to your Senator and Cogressman. Write also to the members of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House. Demand their cooperation!

You can do your part, too, to carry out our tremendous plan of activities. You can help us mobilize public opinion from coast to coast. You can help us keep alive our headquarters in Washington, London, Palestine, and Turkey to continue our work for a people in deepest agony and despair. For each day dooms thousands that can be saved. *This is strictly a race against death!*

This Committee is asking the American people for substantial financial support with which it will be enabled to carry on its work for the rescue of the Four Million martyred Jews in Europe.

We need your financial help *immediately*—NOW! You can sign your name below and enclose your contribution to speed the effectiveness of our work to save the Jewish people of Europe. Whatever you give is evidence of *your* conviction that human life is worth saving!

Emergency Committee to Save the Jewish People of Europe

ONE EAST FORTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y. MURRAY HILL 2-7237

EXECUTIVE BOARD

CO-CHAIRMEN: Peter H. Bergson, Louis Bromfield, Ben Hecht, Rep. Will Rogers, Jr., Mme. Sigrid Undset.

VICE-CHAIRMEN: Dean Alfange, William S. Bennet, Konrad Bercovici, Jo Davidson, Oscar W. Ehrhorn, William Helis, Prof. Francis E. McMahon, Dean George W. Matheson, Herbert S. Moore, Fletcher Pratt, A. Hadani Rafaeli, Lisa Sergio, Rep. Andrew L. Somers, Dr. Maurice William.

TREASURER: Mrs. John Gunther.

MEMBERS: Stella Adler, J. J. Amiel, Al Bauer, Y. Ben-Ami, A. Ben-Elizer, M. Berchin, Rabbi Philip D. Bookstaber, Bishop James A. Cannon, Jr., Lester Cohen, Babette Deutsch, Rep. Samuel Dickstein, Nathan George Horwitt, E. Jabotinsky, Rose Keane, Emil Lengyel, I. Lipshutz, Lawrence Lipton, Emil Ludwig, Gov. Edward Martin, Gov. J. Howard McGrath, S. Merlin, Michael Potter, Victor M. Ratner, Curt Riess, Arthur Rosenberg, K. Shridharani, Johan J. Smertenko, Arthur Szyk, Irvin Taitel, Thomas J. Watson, Gabriel Wechsler, Alex Wilf.

[By a ruling of the Treasury Department contributions to this Committee are tax exempt]

Emergency Committee
to Save the Jewish People of Europe
1 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

I hereby join your efforts to obtain immediate United Nations action to save the Jewish people of Europe. I enclose my contribution to enable you to carry out this tremendous task in the sum of $.....

Please make checks payable to
Mrs. JOHN GUNTHER, Treas.

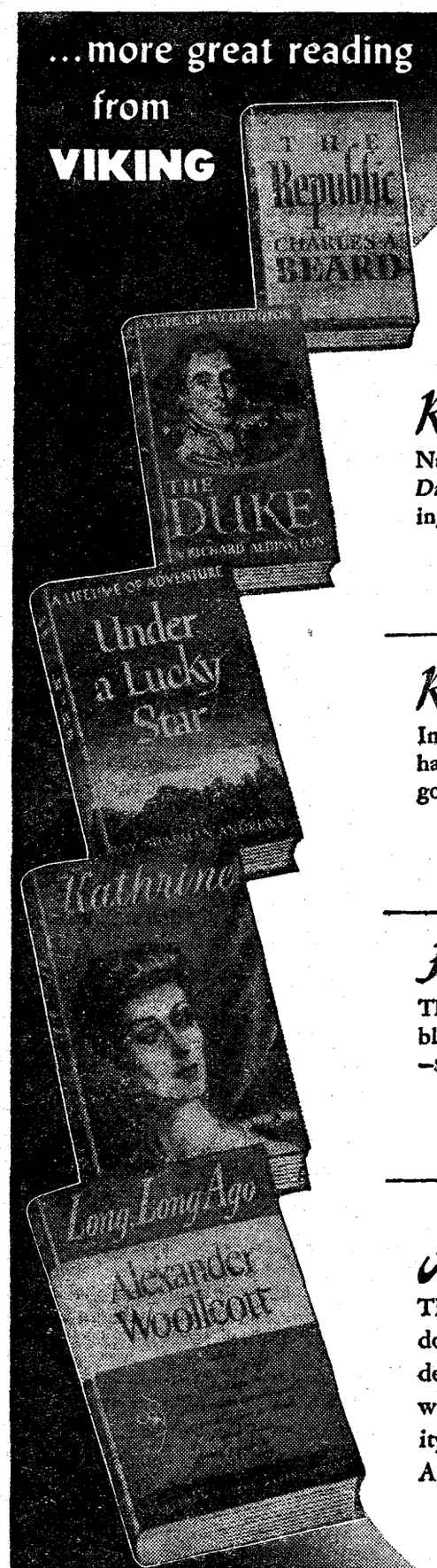
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...more great reading from **VIKING**



Charles A. Beard

This informal, conversational book is "one of the great studies of the American theory of Government."—*N. Y. Times.* "Every last word of *The Republic* is stimulating, vibrant, energetic."—*Time.* $3.00

The REPUBLIC

Richard Aldington

Napoleon's conqueror comes to life in this "admirable biography... *The Duke* is a masterly accomplishment."—*Saturday Review.* "An exceedingly good book."—*N. Y. Times.* $3.75

A LIFE OF WELLINGTON: The DUKE

Roy Chapman Andrews

In his fascinating memoirs, this adventurous scientist "seems always to have caught the last car on exactly the right train to lead him from one gorgeous hazard to another."—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. $3.00

UNDER A LUCKY STAR

Hans Habe

Thousands are deep in this story of an unconventional woman who gambled her love for her daughter's happiness. "Hans Habe has a great gift."—SOSKIN, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.75

KATHRINE

Alexander Woollcott

This first book of his own writing since *While Rome Burns* is a kaleidoscopic volume. Here are stories, sketches, anecdotes from the decade of the Town Crier's greatest popularity. Here is Woollcott's world: his friends, his boundless enthusiasms, his insatiable curiosity. Every page flashes with the wit and wisdom that made him America's favorite raconteur and reporter. $2.75

LONG, LONG AGO

The Viking Press · New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Winter Book Number

Another Open Letter

I HOPE it will not seem picayune on my part to pass comment on the introductory remarks accompanying the excerpts from my "Open Letter" recently [November 8] printed in your pages. If you wish to help me, and I take it that was the motive in broadcasting my appeal, then allow me please to expatiate a bit. But before I proceed let me express my gratitude for printing even a part of that "Open Letter." Already, in the space of a few days, I have received the most warming letters from your readers, in addition to money, clothes and art materials. I have thanked these individuals privately and I now wish to thank them again publicly.

What I have to say, in making some slight rectification of your editorial comments, concerns not only myself but other unfortunate American writers, painters and musicians. It is seldom any of us has a chance to get the attention of the American public; yours is a liberal organ, as I understand it, and what I relate may be of some importance to your readers.

In the first place, in addition to the four books you credit me with I have also written the following published works: "Tropic of Capricorn" (Vol. 1), "Black Spring," "Aller Retour New York," "The World of Sex," "Hamlet" (2 vols.) in collaboration with Michael Fraenkel and a brochure entitled "Money and How It Gets That Way." A book on America, called "The Air-Conditioned Nightmare," is to be published in England in the spring of 1944; fragments of it have already appeared in various English and American reviews.

In the second place it is hardly correct to say, as you do, "that his frankness about sex made it necessary for one of his books to be published abroad, and has presumably restricted the circulation of other works of his." *All* my books were being printed in Paris, first because I had taken up residence there and second because only in Paris was I able to find a publisher courageous enough to print my work. It is true it took him three years to make up his mind to publish the first book, "Tropic of Cancer," and then only after I had found someone to guarantee him against financial loss or imprisonment. All the books published in Paris were written in Paris, whither I had fled in desperation, being unable to obtain recognition in my own country. For ten years I wrote without a line of my work appearing in print—in America. Having found Jack Kahane of the Obelisk Press, Paris, I made no attempt to seek an American publisher for my work. I intended to remain in Europe for the rest of my life. The day war was declared my publisher died, and in 1940 I was forced home from Greece because of the war, my passport being invalidated for travel to any new country. About 1938 or '39 James Laughlin IV of New Directions began to make it known that he would bring out in unexpurgated form an American edition of the books published by the Obelisk Press, Paris. To date nothing of the kind has happened. A great many people think him to be my champion and benefactor. Nothing could be further from the truth.

To be specific, it was not simply "my frankness about sex" which made American publication impossible, but the use of perhaps a half-dozen words which in this country and in England too, of course, are still taboo, despite the fact that the great majority of English-speaking people use them daily in speech, despite the fact that the great masters of the English language also made liberal use of them in their books. Sex has been handled quite frankly by a number of English and American writers, but owing to the fact that they did not have recourse to these half-dozen frightening words their works have escaped censorship. (In a place like Boston, to be sure, it is not necessary to use these words in order to have the police on your neck.) As we all know, exception has been made of Joyce's "Ulysses," but oddly enough not of "Lady Chatterley's Lover." I have been informed by eminent jurists, who are sympathetic toward my work, that the decision in the "Ulysses" case does not establish a precedent for my work. Why? Because "Ulysses" will be read only by an elect few and is therefore unlikely to undermine the morals of the great community. An admission, it seems to me, that the decision, though based on sound logic, is highly unethical.

Had the war not intervened, these very books of mine which English and American censors label "unfit to read" (though I found from personal experience that these same censors enjoyed the reading of them immensely) would have been published in at least a half-dozen European countries. All of these countries are our present allies, except two, and even these are hardly to be classed among the backward nations. Just before the outbreak of war negotiations were under way for translation and publication of these notorious works in the following languages: French, German, Norwegian, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, Greek and Chinese. *More*—after writing for almost twenty years without recognition or remuneration I was just on the eve of receiving from my Paris publisher a modest monthly stipend. I mention this because those who see only the sensational and buffoonish aspects of my sporadic appeals for help, or who like my American publisher pretend that I drink up what is given me, perhaps do not realize that in Europe I was offered the opportunity to live like a normal human being, that I would not have had to battle with a hostile public, or fear to be thrown in jail for expressing myself freely.

I have a certain amount of guilt about receiving money as a painter when I know that there are painters of real talent who are in an even more unfortunate position than myself. I have been asked why I do not take a job, as other men do. I want to answer that question once and for all. Yes, I have been offered jobs, at a good salary too. All sorts of jobs. I could, for instance, work in the movie studios out here—the door is wide open. Why don't I do as other men, other writers? Because I am different, for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one thing. And because I know that if I work eight hours a day at something which I am totally disinterested in I shall have no desire to write the kind of books I am now engaged, and have been engaged, in writing. I intend to do nothing but write and paint as I please. I consider that I am the best judge of how to spend my time, energy and talent. Writing scripts for the movies, writing copy for advertising agents, writing gags for the radio, writing appealing stories for paying magazines with nationwide circulation, writing for the newspapers—all these outlets for a writer I regard as nothing more than high-class prostitution. It may be possible now and then for a good prostitute to turn out a work of art, but it seems to me the chances are slim. Besides, I don't like prostitution, especially the intellectual sort. I have more respect, indeed I often have both pity and admiration, for the street-walker than for the artist who prostitutes his talent. And this country is full of intellectual prostitutes.

Some people say: Why don't you take a job in the movies for a few months, then you can do as you please for a year or two." My answer to that is: "Why don't you send your daughter into the streets for a little while before marriage so that she can bring in a little much needed change? Once she's married nobody will know the difference."

We are supposed to be fighting for the four freedoms. Aside from the freedom to starve, the only freedom I know of in this country is the freedom to think. I have never in this country known freedom from want or freedom from fear. And there are millions of others like me, quite exclusive of Negroes, Chinese, Mexicans, Filipinos or other "undesirables." We too have our Untouchables, but we are also more hypocritical than our Hindu friends.

On my trip around America, which I undertook with my friend Abraham Rattner, the painter, we discussed at great length ways and means of giving the American artist security. We demonstrated to our own satisfaction the feasibility of supporting *all* the artists (who needed support) in this country without burden to the community. We proved by facts and figures that it could be done even in a capitalistic country such as ours. There is absolutely no reason why in a supposedly prosperous country such as America the artist should starve or else prostitute himself, no reason why he should struggle hopelessly to have his works brought to the attention of the public. A book such as "Lust for Life" creates a run on Van Gogh, but the living Van Goghs still suffer the same fate. We speculate on dead authors, dead painters, dead art products. We are practical in everything but that which concerns us vitally. We are at the peak of efficiency when it comes to destruction.

What matter if we win the war? The four freedoms will still remain a mirage. When the next war comes other remote intangibles will be dangled before our eyes. Between wars we shall always be too busy repairing the damages of the last war to ever begin practising the ideals we allowed our youths to be slaughtered for. There has been a great deal of talk over the radio about the new-model airplanes, the new-model automobiles, washing machines, vacuum cleaners and so forth which will be put on the market once the war is over. I have yet to hear a word about a new-model plan of life for the artist in this country. I don't say that the artist should be treated exceptionally, though there are excellent reasons to support this view. I do think, though, that a living artist should get as good a break, if not better, than a dead one, that if anything he should have as good a life (materially) as a bricklayer. The life of a people resides in its artists, its men of vision, its creators. Our policy, so it seems to me, is to reward the nitwits and the half-wits, the charlatans, the mountebanks, the prostitutes.

This may seem like quite a tirade, and I sincerely beg your indulgence. I have tried more perhaps than any other living writer to tell the truth about myself, as a lone individual, in these trying times of ours. I don't say that I have succeeded—but I have tried. And I should like to be recognized for an effort which, believe me, was made not without great cost. It seems so ironical that I, who "by common consent of the critics" should be considered "one of the most interesting figures on the American literary scene," am obliged to call attention to myself as a water colorist. Here I sit in Beverly Glen making water colors, doing the best I can—and O how poor is my best!—while all the time what I really wish to do is to go on writing, giving of my best, giving of my real talent. It may seem sentimental to say that such a condition is a sad one, yet so it is. And there is no one to blame for it. The type I represent is out of joint with the times, perhaps that is all. And yet, if tomorrow by a decision of the Supreme Court those half-dozen terrifying words were restored to currency, if I, like the great English writers of the past, were permitted to use them, I should undoubtedly be sitting in clover. I might be the most widely read author in all America—*now while I am still alive*. But, unless I am vastly mistaken, not all the King's horses nor all the King's men can bring about such a miracle. We are not afraid to kill, by the million if our honor is at stake, but we are deathly afraid of a few good old Anglo-Saxon words—*in print. Alors, tant pis pour moi!*

HENRY MILLER

German Nationalist Literature

THE DESTRUCTIVE (and self-destructive) *furor Teutonicus* of Nazi Germany has—besides reasons which are inherent in Germany's social and national history—its contemporary roots in the books of a number of nationalistic writers, whose novels, essays, autobiographies, war chronicles and pseudo-philosophies had an enormous circulation and a very deep influence on the idealistic youth of Germany before and under Hitler.

The world outside Germany had taken it for granted that Remarque's best-seller, "All Quiet on the Western Front," was representative of the reflections of the war and postwar generation in Germany. In reality it was by far more characteristic of the state of mind in the Western democracies—where its success was greater than in Germany. It did not genuinely express the more powerful, more dynamic trends of the most confusing, many-sided, self-contradictory, very German, very queer "ideologies" which led to German nationalism's running amok.

This writer wonders how many people outside of Germany know that at a time when Remarque's book had sold about a million copies in Germany, the war novels, chronicles and histories of world-war battles of a certain Werner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beumelburg had already approached the three-million mark (they finally reached about five million copies); and that at the same time dozens of books glorifying the heroic deeds of the war stirred German youth to passionate visions of revenge and of the future greatness of the Fatherland gained in "glorious and victorious" battles to come.

We will mention in passing only the names of Moeller van den Bruck, Friedrich Hielscher, Ernst Jünger, Franz Schauwecker, Ernst von Salomon, Edwin Erich Dwinger, Rudolf G. Binding, Paul Alverdes, Hans Johst, Franz Jungnickel, Hans Grimm, Ernst Niekisch, Blunk, Noak, Wehner, Grabenhorst, Euringer, von Schramm, A. E. Günther, G. Günther, Friedrich Georg Jünger, Grothe, Best—omitting hundreds of others of minor significance. Even those mentioned are comparatively unknown in America, in spite of the fact that each of them (and many others) had tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, and some even millions of enthusiastic readers in Germany.

German boys read these war novels as American boys read adventure stories; students filled their susceptible souls and empty brains with the pathetic dreams of van den Bruck, Hielscher and Jünger; men who after four years of war had returned, defeated and hopeless, to find only misery and hunger at home, longed for books in which their sufferings were glorified and in which they found the promise that their sacrifices should not have been in vain. Women and girls recognized their "heroes" in those warriors and adventurers; and for other millions, to whom the phony Republic of Weimar, run by mediocre bureaucrats and faint-hearted politicians, could give neither bread nor ideals, these books were escape literature—escape from the misery of this "peace" into an imaginary greatness of the war, which—to believe these novels—offered a chance to every real man.

Most of the books and most of the writers are negligible for this study, especially those connected with the Nazi propaganda apparatus; they do not belong to the category of literature. Our problems and our interest begin with some of the books that do belong in the category of literature—and whose authors were not thinking of Hitler and Nazism when they began to arouse the German youth with their bellicose and nationalistic appeals. These had the deepest influence and served, in spite of themselves, the sinister aims of Nazism even better than mere propaganda trash.

Ernst Jünger, for instance, who sees in war "the origin of all things" and the great educator of the peoples, writes masterful German prose. His war books have an intensity and personal honesty which made a genuine impression on the mind of idealistic youngsters. One of his books has the significant title: "The War as Inner Experience"; another, "The Adventure's Heart." He hails heroism but he scorns again and again unnecessary brutality: "To hell with all scoundrels who are 'tough' against defenseless people." That distinguishes him clearly from Nazism and he realizes it when he writes in another book: "Actually one cannot work in company for Germany; one has to do it alone like a man who cuts his way with a knife through a virgin forest and who is kept alive only by the hope that he will meet some day others who are, like him, at work for the same purpose."

Jünger himself was one of the outstanding heroes of the First World War. He was born in 1895 in western Germany and, as a young student, entered the German army as a private in 1914. He became an officer on the Western Front, was wounded several times, received the Iron Cross, first and second class, for bravery, and was eventually, as a young lieutenant of the infantry, decorated with the order "Pour le Merite," the highest award of the imperial army and one normally reserved for successful generals.

One would, however, be wrong in guessing that Jünger is a Teuton of great physical strength. He is, on the contrary, middle-sized and rather frail-bodied, with a small face and dreamy eyes. He is deeply interested in natural science and philosophy and is extremely modest. One of his autobiographical notes confesses: "I found it again confirmed that 'nerves of steel' are by no means decisive for dominating the most dangerous conditions of life; on the contrary: the fight within the limits of our civilization needs a high degree of sensitiveness."

He became the spiritual leader of the "New Nationalism," which was neither party nor organization but rather a philosophy—or, still more, a faith. Jünger describes the "New Nationalism" in the remarkable essay-anthology, "War and Warriors" (which is the standard work of this ideology), as a "heroic realism, which overcame the idealism of the grandfathers as well as the rationalism of the fathers, and which conceives every action, every thought and every feeling as a symbol of the unchangeable, determined being." The last answer to the questioning of the mystical formulas of the "New Nationalism" is always the Fatherland, and he "who does not feel it" is excluded from the circle of the faithful. This makes it very difficult to argue with the representatives of the "New Nationalism." I remember a discussion with one of the followers of this philosophy, the writer Franz Schauwecker, who likewise had been an outstanding officer of the First World War and whose war books also approached the million mark. Referring to my conversation with Jünger (whose personal integrity I respected and whose writings I esteemed from a literary point of view but whose philosophy remained obscure to me), I asked Schauwecker:

"You always talk of the 'idea' and of 'faith.' Now, what is the 'idea'? What is your 'faith'?"

He answered proudly, "Germany!"

"But what do you mean—what do you conceive by 'Germany'?"

"The idea! The faith!" And he added with a shade of contempt in his voice the "Faust" quotation: "If you don't feel it—you will never understand it."

The war had come to an end but the warriors marched on. They were rebels, cut off from the world of the bourgeois standard, who gathered in small groups to find their 'front'. They had recognized the great fraud of this 'peace'; they did not want to participate in it. They clung to their weapons by an imperturbable instinct.

So writes Ernst von Salomon, whose life is typical of the experiences of many young men of the utterly confused, rebellious war and postwar generation.

He was a boy of sixteen when the war officially ended in 1918. But for him as for tens of thousands of his kind, the war began only then with the formation of the so-called volunteer corps, which were used by the French and the English to fight the Soviet Union, by the Social Democrat

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

German ministers to kill Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg and untold thousands of German workers in Berlin, Saxonia, Bavaria and the Ruhr district; by the still plotting generals to fight the Poles in Silesia; by the Prussian Junkers to fight the Republic—until many of them found their rightful places in the SA and SS gangs of the National Socialist movement. It would, however, be too simple to say that they were nothing but outlaws or bravos with criminal instincts. Many of them were filled with a burning idealism which again and again was deceived and misused. They believed in an "idea" called "Deutschland"; they believed even in a socialism of their own imagination, and many of them were killed in the mass slaughter of the "purge" of June 30, 1934, directed against the "left wing" of the Nazi Party.

Von Salomon has described the abominable but informative story of these misdeeds, errors, hatreds and disillusion in his book, "The Outlaws" (which, by the way, should be read or reread by everybody who has the "re-education" of the Germans in mind). He conceived the book in prison after his participation in the assassination of the German Foreign Minister, Rathenau. A brief dialogue in this book is of utmost significance: While fighting against the republican government during the *Putsch* of Kapp, 1920, one comrade, an officer of the imperial army, explains to Salomon: "We have to abolish the revolution." But Salomon, expressing the thoughts of another group of these men, perhaps the majority, answers: "On the contrary. We have to carry on the revolution." He, indeed, believed for some years that he and his companions were revolutionaries, and he and many like him were seduced by the pseudo-revolutionary phrases of Hitler. To believe him, his friends Fischer and Kern shot Rathenau, not because he was a liberal or a Jew, but because they saw in him a representative of the old bourgeois capitalist order which they hated and loathed as reactionary.

Salomon was pretty much disappointed with the development of the Nazi Party, and just before Hitler came to power, he used to visit me frequently to confess his utter despair and to ask—too late—advice. He said: "I am nationalist and socialist—and just for that reason I cannot be a member of the Nazi Party, which does not honestly apply either of these principles. I cannot fight for the liberation of Germany in the ranks of a party which is about to oppress millions of honest and convinced socialists with a brutality which is without precedent in German history."

Many felt like him at that time. A number of his friends were killed on June 30, like the writers and former volunteer corps leaders, F. W. Heinz and Dr. G. K. Heimsoth. Others, like the nationalist writers Herbert Blank and Ernst Niekisch, were sentenced to long prison terms. Some went into exile. Many remained silent, like Count Stenbock Fermor or Friedrich Hielscher. A few, like Jünger, went on writing under the protection of the Reichswehr. And some others, like Beumelburg or Dwinger, were "coördinated" by the Nazis.

Whatever their intention was, they all, by their writings, helped not only psychologically to prepare the Second World War, but also to ensure that it would be waged under the command of Hitler and the Nazis.

ALFRED KANTOROWICZ

How to Criticize a Poem

(In the Manner of Certain Contemporary Critics)

1.

I PROPOSE to examine the following poem:

> Thirty days hath September,
> April, June and November:
> All the rest have thirty-one,
> Excepting February alone,
> Which has only eight and a score
> Till leap-year gives it one day more.

2.

The previous critics who have studied this poem, Coleridge among them, have failed to explain what we may describe as its fundamental *dynamic*. This I now propose to do. The first thing to observe is the order in which the names (or verbal constructs) of the months are presented. According to the prose meaning—what I shall henceforth call the prose-*demand*—"September" should not precede, it should follow "April," as a glance at the calendar will show. Indeed "September" should follow not only "April," it should also follow "June" if the prose-demand is to be properly satisfied. The prose order of the first two lines should therefore read: "Thirty days hath April, June, September and November." That is the only sequence consonant with prose logic.

3.

Why then, we ask ourselves, did the poet violate what educated readers know to be the facts? Was he ignorant of the calendar, believing that September preceded April in the progress of the seasons? It is difficult to imagine that such was the case. We must find another explanation. It is here that the principle of dynamic analysis comes to our aid.

4.

Dynamic analysis proves that the most successful poetry achieves its effect by producing an *expectation* in the reader's mind before his sensibility is fully prepared to receive the full impact of the poem. The reader makes a *proto-response* which preconditions him to the total response toward which his fully equilibrized organs of apperception subconsciously tend. It is this proto-response which the poet has here so sensitively manipulated. The ordinary reader, trained only to prose-demands, expects the usual order of the months. But the poet's sensibility knows that poetic truth is more immediately effective than the truth of literal chronology. He does not *state* the inevitable sequence; he *prepares* us for it. In his profound analysis of the two varieties of mensual time, he puts the *gentlest* month first. (Notice how the harsh sound of "pt" in "September" is softened by the "e" sound on either side of it.) It is the month in which vegetation first begins to fade, but which does not as yet give us a sense of tragic fatality.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN AMERICAN

Walt Whitman

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Although he was a literary problem-child he was one of the first original American writers and he saw even beyond America's great future to an international triumph for the American idea. $3.75

Under the Bridge

AN Auto-biography

BY FERRIS GREENSLET

As William Allen White says, 'reading it is like being at a gay house party with old friends.' It embraces all the intellectual moods of our century — a period which we must now re-appraise in the light of the cataclysm it has brought us and the new chance that is rising out of it. $3.00

Rio Grande to Cape Horn

BY CARLETON BEALS

Time Magazine calls him 'the best informed living writer on Latin America.' He has distilled a lifetime of study of Latin Americans to give us this picturesque, provocative and utterly honest book. $3.50

New World A-Coming

BY ROI OTTLEY.

An entertaining book by a Negro about Negroes that tells you what Negroes think about almost everything from jive talk and cafe-au-lait society to segregation and race rioting. $3.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5.

Hence the poet prepares us, dynamically, for what is to follow. By beginning his list of the months *in medias res*, he is enabled to return later to the beginning of the series of contrasts which is the subject of his poem. The analogy to the "Oedipus Rex" of Euripides and the "Iliad" of Dante at once becomes clear. Recent criticism has only too often failed to observe that these works also illustrate the dynamic method by beginning in the middle of things. It is a striking fact, hitherto (I believe) unnoticed, that a Latin poem called the "Aeneid" does much the same thing. We expect the author of that poem to begin with the departure of his hero from Troy, just as we expect the author of our poem to begin with "April." But in neither case is our expectation fulfilled. Cato, the author of the "Aeneid," creates dynamic suspense by beginning with Aeneas in Carthage; our anonymous poet treats his readers' sensibilities in a similar fashion by beginning with "September," and then *going back* to "April" and "June."

6.

But the sensibility of the poet does not stop at this point. Having described what is true of *four* months, he disposes of *seven* more with masterly economy. In a series of pungent constructs his sensibility sums up their inexorable limitations: they *All* (the capitalization should be noted) "have thirty-one." The poet's sensibility communicates a feeling to the sensibility of the reader so that the sensibility of both, with reference to their previous but independent sensibilities, is fused into that momentary communion of sensibility which is the final sensibility that poetry can give both to the sensibility of the poet and the sensibility of the reader. The texture and structure of the poem have erupted into a major reaction. The ambiguity of equilibrium is achieved.

7.

Against these two groups of spatial, temporal and numerical measurements—one consisting of four months, the other of seven—the tragic individual, the sole exception, "February," is dramatically placed. February is "alone," is cut off from communion with his fellows. The tragic note is struck the moment "February" is mentioned. For the initial sound of the word "excepting" is "X," and as that sound strikes the sensibility of the reader's ear a number of associations subconsciously accumulate. We think of the spot, the murderous and lonely spot, which "X" has so frequently marked; we remember the examinations of our childhood where the wrong answers were implacably signaled with "X"; we think of ex-kings and exile, of lonely crossroads and executions, of the inexorable anonymity of those who cannot sign their names. . . .

8.

And yet the poet gives us one ray of hope, though it eventually proves to be illusory. The lonely "February" (notice how the "alone" in line four is echoed by the "only" in line five), the solitary and maladjusted individual who is obviously the hero and crucial figure of the poem, is not condemned to the routine which his fellows, in their different ways, must forever obey. Like Hamlet, he has a capacity for change. He is a symbol of individualism, and the rhythm of the lines which are devoted to him signalize a gayety, however desperate, which immediately wins our sympathy and reverberates profoundly in our sensibility.

9.

But (and this is the illusion to which I have previously referred) in spite of all his variety, his capacity for change, "February" cannot quite accomplish (and in this his tragedy consists) the *quantitative* value of the society in which circumstances have put him. No matter how often he may alternate from twenty-eight to twenty-nine (the poet, with his exquisite sensibility, does not actually *mention* those humiliating numbers), he can never achieve the bourgeois, if anonymous, security of "thirty-one," nor equal the more modest and aristocratic assurance of "thirty." Decade after decade, century after century, millennium after millennium, he is eternally frustrated. The only symbol of change in a changeless society, he is continually beaten down. Once every four years he tries to rise, to achieve the high, if delusive, level of his dreams. But he fails. He is always one day short, and the three years before the recurrence of his next effort are a sad interval in which the remembrance of previous disappointment melts into the futility of hope, only to sink back once more into the frustration of despair. Like Tantalus he is forever stretched upon a wheel.

10.

So far I have been concerned chiefly with the dynamic *analysis* of the poem. Further study should reveal the *synthesis* which can be made on the basis of the analysis which my thesis has tentatively attempted to bring to an emphasis. This, perhaps, the reader with a proper sensibility can achieve for himself.

THEODORE SPENCER

The Science of War

Makers of Modern Strategy: Military Thought from Machiavelli to Hitler. Edited by Edward Mead Earle with collaboration of Gordon A. Craig and Felix Gilbert. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 564 pages. $3.75.

THE DEMOCRACIES have paid dearly for their neglect of war and its problems. That arms were wanting at the decisive hour was not alone a material miscalculation; it was also the consequence of an intellectual failing, of disorientation in the decisive questions of military policy. In the United States and Britain the unfamiliarity with continental European war doctrines turned out to be especially fatal. It accounts for the fact that the German enemy was first underrated and then overrated, while the Russian ally was underrated all along.

Americans can be proud of a recently published volume, which is a valuable study of the science of war as well as a book of great practical usefulness. To my knowledge neither the German and Russian, nor the British or French war literature can boast of a one-volume study comparable to the prodigious scope of "Makers of Modern Strategy." The editor, Prof. Edward Mead Earle, has succeeded in com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Give a Book with Every War Bond

Two books by James Thurber

MANY MOONS
A story for children
With four-color illustrations by Louis Slobodkin.
$2.00

MEN, WOMEN AND DOGS
A collection of drawings.
Preface by Dorothy Parker.
$3.00

ELLEN GLASGOW A book of brilliant criticism by one of America's most important novelists. $3.50
A CERTAIN MEASURE

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER writes a report to her fellow-citizens on the problems that confront us with respect to the citizens of tomorrow. $2.75
OUR YOUNG FOLKS

PAUL DE KRUIF The exciting story of Henry J. Kaiser's medical plan. Already a triumphant achievement for 100,000 workers, it points the way to a revolution in medical planning—and to complete medical care *for everybody.* $2.00
KAISER WAKES THE DOCTORS

CARL SANDBURG The thought and opinion of a great American, writing during the last three years of world crisis. $3.00
HOME FRONT MEMO

RALPH INGERSOLL For soldier and civilian alike. "America's No. 1 book of the war." $2.00
THE BATTLE IS THE PAY-OFF

HERBERT L. MATTHEWS "One of the most honest and complete books that has yet appeared on the fascist adventure and on present Italy." *Count Carlo Sforza* $3.00
THE FRUITS OF FASCISM

HALLETT ABEND These memoirs make the most vivid and enlightening history yet written of modern China. $3.00
MY LIFE IN CHINA

JOHN GOETTE The inside story of the Japanese plan for ruling Asia. "One of the voices unheeded before Pearl Harbor. It will be wisdom to listen to him now." *Col. Carlos P. Romulo.* $2.50
JAPAN FIGHTS FOR ASIA

NEGLEY FARSON The author's fishing experiences all over the world. *Illustrated,* $3.00
GOING FISHING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

piling an encyclopedia of military thought by means of the individual contributions of several authors, American, German and French. It is a compressed encyclopedia which does not get lost in technical details but explores the main paths of military doctrine. It is science that distinguishes itself above all by broad intellectual horizons. Throughout the book the relations between war and politics, especially between strategy and diplomacy, are examined, chiefly in Professor Earle's own contributions, and in those by Prof. Hajo Holborn on Moltke and Schlieffen, by Capt. Harvey A. De Weerd on Churchill, Lloyd George and Clemenceau, and by Prof. Hans Speier on Ludendorff. Today enough is being written in this country about the techniques of war, but all too little, unfortunately, about the functions of strategy and the relations between strategy and politics. "Makers of Modern Strategy" is a classic in this field.

In addition, it is highly useful because it gives an insight into the course of this war about which it permits final judgments. Irving M. Gibson shows the degeneration of the French and British war doctrine. But this failure shifted the emphasis to the German-Russian duel—and to America's role in the war. In Professor Earle's comments on the Soviet and Nazi German conception of war it is especially the war doctrines of the enemies that are played off against each other; in his terse chapters the work as a whole reaches dramatic heights. His analysis shows the birth and growth of the new Russian fighting force and the development of military thinking in the Russian Revolution. Because he proves why the Soviet Union is politically Germany's superior in this war, his conclusion about its military superiority carries inescapable conviction. The juxtaposition of Stalin and Hitler in the field of strategy is highlighted chiefly by the personification of both concepts; Professor Earle rightly sees in Hitler the ardent reformer of the German conduct of war, who, however, has miscalculated in decisive respects.

What military research during the war can contribute to operational principles, is shown by the exceptionally interesting chapter by Alexander Kiralfy on Japanese naval strategy. Unfortunately, Mr. Kiralfy's remarkable book, "Victory in the Pacific," received insufficient attention, since he is undoubtedly the best informed person on Japanese strategy. What he proves in his contribution to the book here reviewed is of extreme importance for our strategy against Japan. Mr. Kiralfy shows on the basis of Japan's entire war history that Japanese sea power differs fundamentally in orientation from Anglo-American sea power. Its purpose is not naval hegemony as such and its operational principle is not the decisive naval battle. It is the sea arm of the Japanese fighting forces working in closest coöperation with the army. That makes the entire course of the war in the Pacific understandable, with the Japanese three-dimensional blitz in oceanic spaces and the absence of great naval engagements between fleets. Because this is so, the war against Japan cannot be won as an isolated sea war or even as a combined sea and air war. The war against Japan must be as three-dimensional as the war Japan is waging—in other words, it must include war on land. The traditional sea-power doctrine cannot function against the Japanese enemy.

That this book appears in the final phase of the war gives it added significance. Because the outcome of the war will determine the postwar world, much of the postwar policy of the world is implicit in the strategy of the war. "Makers of Modern Strategy" deals with the science of war in a serious but not a dry or academic fashion; it is a science which is conscious of the dynamics of the future. Here is, for example, what Professor Earle writes about the postwar role of the Soviet Union and the United States:

> . . . The existence of Russian military power of the present magnitude is an entirely new factor in European and world politics. For Russia has all the elements of fundamental strength, all the essential facors of the war potential. She has a vast territorial domain, superabundant natural resources, a vital and growing population, an industrialized society and a dynamic political system. Other nations may wane, but the USSR and the USA will emerge from the present struggle in overwhelming strength. It is even probable that before the twentieth century has run its course, the Soviet Union will be the most powerful nation in the world. How she uses her vast power is portentous for the future of mankind.

MAX WERNER

Americans in Battle

Bridge to Victory, by Howard Handleman. New York: Random House. 269 pages. $2.
The Pacific Is My Beat, by Keith Wheeler. New York: E. P. Dutton. 383 pages. $3.
Here Is Your War, by Ernie Pyle. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 304 pages. $3.

THESE THREE WAR BOOKS are newspaper stories by working newspapermen. The authors are not writers of books in the commonly accepted meaning of the term. They are men whom any American newspaper, no matter how "great" or high its standard or abundant its supply of skilled labor, would feel justified in hiring and in entrusting with important assignments. They are not men of letters, not stylists, not seekers after subterranean or ultimate truths, not thinkers, nor men with great beauty in them, nor men of remarkable emotion. That is, they do not bother to show themselves as such in these stories. Instead they are working newspapermen—fact-finders with training in the task of gathering the facts and condensing and arranging and presenting them coherently.

As a newspaperman who himself has had war books published recently, I make a point of this. For newspaper stories in book form have had for the most part confused and confusing treatment from reviewers of books. It is as if the lads had never read newspapers before, not until they became books. And the way the publishers fluff up their merchandise! My own life in letters has not given me a great deal of respect for book-publishers, but the way they have been carrying on recently over their war books by newspapermen, clucking like a hen who has laid an egg of Carrara marble over stories of a quality that newspapers publish day in and day out, during war or peace, as part of their routine business, has given me even less. I don't know why I should be angry over book publishers being less than newspaper publishers. Perhaps it is because at one time, when I did not know them, I thought them more.

In the trade—that is, the newspaper business—Keith Wheeler would be known as a color writer. Howard Handleman would be a "good, reliable man," while Ernie

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

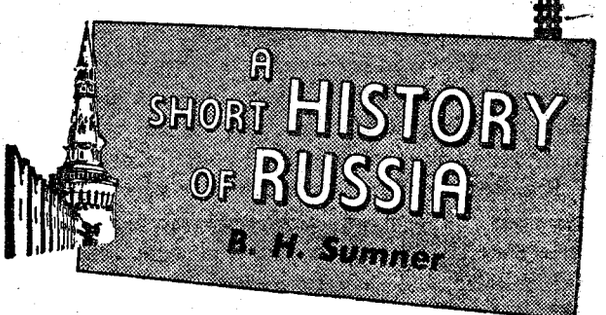
These are books any friend of a NEW REPUBLIC READER would like for Christmas

The author of KABLOONA has written his first novel! Set in pre-war France, it tells of a proud and lonely chateau and the simple, devoted old man whose heart was rooted there. Its strangely compelling quality suggests classic stature. $2.50

Americans are AHEAD of their government, says this public opinion expert after a 15,000-mile tour of the nation. Here's a "correspondent's book" about *our own* land, giving us startling insight into regional attitudes and national aims. $3.00

Written and drawn by a world famous artist, this is an inspiring book about food. Miss Leighton's sensitive treatment of the subject and her distinguished chalk drawings make this a rare and beautiful gift volume. *Ten full-page illustrations.* $2.50

The *only* one-volume history of Russia from its days of barbarism to the present—a handy, concise, complete account of the mysterious land which it is imperative to understand. *Illus.* "Highly competent . . . scholarly . . . readable." *Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $3.75



No reader is the wrong age for this captivating tale of a little prince who left his tiny planet and finally came to earth. No one but Saint-Exupéry could have written this tender, imaginative story. In English or French. $2.00

Antoine de Saint-Exupery

Reynal and Hitchcock, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pyle, older than the other two, is a "good, all-around man" who can take the facts as they come along and give them the treatment American newspaper conventions require. As it happens, I have never met these three men. I judge them entirely on the basis of their books, but they fall easily into the pigeonholes of the business. There are many like them working in all the cities of the nation. In singling out Handleman as "reliable" I do not mean to imply that the other two are not. Reliability is the *sina qua non* of the American working newspaperman and when it is said in a shop that a man is a "good, reliable" craftsman, it is meant only that you can trust him to get the story and present it adequately—without the flash and ginger of the color writer, but in such a way that its facts will be plainly understood.

Of the three, the story that interested me most was Keith Wheeler's—or at least the bulk of his story, which relates to the campaign in the Aleutians. Wheeler had some dangerous times in the Central and South Pacific early in the war, but by June of 1942—or page 95 of his book—he was bound for the north to observe one of the grimmest ordeals in American military history.

This is no definitive work on the campaign in the Aleutians. It is a rough and ready job of putting together such facts as could be obtained on the spot of history in the making and it leaves much to be explained and much that only time can explain. Our Navy and War Departments had many years with nothing to do but get ready for a war against Japan which, they felt, was quite probable. During those years they did nothing about the Aleutians. The Aleutians were there and were known to them, but were put into the discard. Then the Japs went into the Aleutians and we went in after them. The Japs could not do anything with the Aleutians in the way of threatening the West Coast or even Alaska. Land, sea and sky are all opposed to war up there. But now that the Japs have discovered the Aleutians for us, we intend—say both Wheeler and Handleman—to do something with those weather-tortured, mud-covered rocks in the way of threatening the mainland of Japan. If we do try—and it is not yet certain that we will—then Washington's boys in blue and khaki will have some tall talking to do after the war on why it took the Japs to show us what was in our own pockets.

Handleman tells a part of the same story Wheeler tells, and since it is apparent that they worked together on Attu, their material relating to that campaign is quite similar. But Handleman did not arrive on the scene until more than half a year after Wheeler and so he did not get the picture of the whole that Wheeler got. On the other hand, Wheeler does not seem to have waited for the landing on Kiska—where the final act of the drama was played. This story is very well told by Handleman and, as a matter of fact, although the books duplicate each other in the chapters on Attu, they complement each other fore and aft of there.

The Attu story—the most dramatic in both books and as dramatic a campaign as any in modern military history—reads like something out of the dark ages. It came to a climax on the night of May 28 of this year when Col. Yosuyo Yamasaki, with about 1,000 men left, knew all hope was gone and gathered his remnants together into a lunatic mob dedicated to killing and dying. All those wounded who could not walk were given their choice of death by morphine or pistol. The others, the well and the walking wounded and the few civilian workers, were armed as well as possible with weapons that ranged from bayonets nailed to sticks, on up. Then, screaming and crazy with the fear of death, they threw themselves upon our lines. They did damage to many of the Americans they met, but they died swiftly, and in the end only fifteen allowed themselves to be taken prisoner.

Pyle's story is of Americans at war against Germans and Italians in the Mediterranean area. The publishers describe Pyle as "America's favorite correspondent" and, from what I hear in the newspaper-syndicate business, I believe that is an accurate description of the fact. Pyle functions in this book as the human-interest reporter. He is a very fine one—a hard worker, indefatigably curious and fond of an enormous range of people. He ferrets out the facts about them and the conditions of the life they are leading at present. Although the title of the book, "Here Is Your War," is overambitious and no doubt another bit of publishers' fluff, it is true that there is more meat in this blueplate of our army in the Mediterranean than can be found in any other newspaperman's book that I have read.

But there is considerable meat in all the books. Meat is what makes the newspaper business go. City editors cry for it, and all these books are what the city editor ordered. They are not literature. What's good about them is what's good about our newspapers. What's bad about them is what's bad about our newspapers, and our newspapers by and large, and for what they intend to be, are the best in the world.

-IRA WOLFERT

War and Poetry

War Poems of the United Nations. Edited by Joy Davidman. Sponsored by The League of American Writers. New York: The Dial Press. 395 pages. $3.

IMPLICIT in the very term "war poetry" is a slackening of standards, an acknowledgement of compromise. We bring to this kind of work special criteria; the values we seek out depend not on esthetic but political premises. Artistically, our demands are meager, perhaps because we are sufficiently sensible to appreciate the unlikelihood of satisfaction. The poem becomes a vehicle, and if the ride happens to be along a road we approve, toward a goal we desire, there is little reason for complaint.

But there is good reason to complain when an anthologist, like Miss Davidman, presumes for her collection an artistic sanction it patently does not deserve. And not merely to complain, but to protest fiercely, for the Miss Davidmans of the world flourish in wartime, they bloom in every corner, confusing values, smearing values and, ultimately, destroying values. So Miss Davidman assembles her one hundred and fifty poets from twenty nations, attempts to fob them off as "the real thing"; and because their sentiments are our sentiments, their sympathies our sympathies, we are inclined to accept them; we are dangerously eager to accept their shadow for our substance.

If Miss Davidman had chosen to present her poets for what they are: the second-raters with first-rate intentions,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A New Novel by

Arthur Koestler

"In the deepest and most real sense, *Arrival and Departure* is a war book; not only because its hero escapes from a Fascist country to wear, in the end, a British uniform, but because his choice involves full awareness of the individual and collective problems posed by the war for this generation."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.*

"Koestler has a quality in his writing that few living novelists possess: a sense of the moral issues behind political events. . . . Some of the scenes are brilliant or deeply moving."—Malcolm Cowley in *The New Republic.* $2.00

Arrival and Departure

Free China's New Deal
By HUBERT FREYN

The authentic story of China's heroic fight to rebuild herself in the midst of war, famine, poverty, and disease; her change from feudalism to democracy, to industrial efficiency and modern living. $2.50

The Uses of Reason
By ARTHUR E. MURPHY

Here is a profound and scholarly discussion of the human ability to reason, addressed to the plain man in the confidence that in the good sense and good will of plain men lies our hope for the building of a more secure and more generous social order. $3.00

Wonderings
By JOHN MASEFIELD

In a new narrative poem England's Poet Laureate vividly describes his early memories. A picture of England as she used to be, is now, and may be in the future. $1.75

A Professor at Large
By STEPHEN DUGGAN

The distinguished Director of the Institute of International Education presents a fascinating interpretation of foreign cultures in terms of American civilization, as well as a story of personalities. This informative book offers much of interest to the general reader, both in content and in style. $3.50

The Reader over Your Shoulder
By ROBERT GRAVES & ALAN HODGE

A stimulating, useful, new kind of book about the proper way to write the English language. By clever selections from fifty well-known contemporary writers, including Eliot, Hemingway, Huxley, Middleton Murry, Priestley, Shaw, Spender, and Wells, the authors show clearly yet wittily how many common faults of writing occur. $3.00

The Future of South-East Asia
By K. M. PANIKKAR

In a fresh, vigorous, and encouraging way that will appeal to thoughtful Americans, this book by an Indian experienced in local and foreign affairs opens some of the problems concerning the future of South-East Asia. The book is accurate and unsensational, yet lucidly written for a wide audience. $1.75

The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we might say that she had done her job. But the significant—and symptomatic—thing about this anthology is not its title. The fact is this. Under the guise of presenting "War Poems of the United Nations," Miss Davidman is conducting a mendacious attack against the whole of modern poetry.

Let it be remembered that Miss Davidman acquired a certain réclame in the heyday of Proletarian Poesy; let it be remembered that she is to be found weekly in the columns of The New Masses; that this present volume is sponsored by the League of American Writers. Remembering these things, we are prepared for the resurrection of the feuds of the mid-thirties, for the meaningless tag-lines, labels and clichés. Miss Davidman's anthology has a musty smell; her entourage a ghostly look. It comes as no surprise to find her babbling of pretentious cultists, of preciosity, pedantry and obscurity, of defeatists and appeasers. As muse *manquée* of the League Against War and Fascism, she has several old scores to settle, and settle them she does with a curious vengeance.

Here is an anthology that omits Spender's magnificent poems on Spain, George Barker's "Munich Elegies," that finds no room for Auden, Empson, MacNeice, Herbert Read or Dylan Thomas, yet pretends to be inclusive. Here is an anthology that claims the best of the new British poets, yet has no place for Nicholas Moore, Terence Tiller, Roy Fuller, W. R. Rodgers or David Gascoyne. Here is an anthology supposed to represent the best in American poetry ignoring, among others, Aiken, Cummings, Wallace Stevens, Robert Penn Warren, Tate, Bogan, Jeffers, Fearing and Archibald MacLeish. Has Miss Davidman read Marianne Moore's "In Distrust of Merits"? Is she aware of Robert Frost's new work? Is it unreasonable to expect that an anthology of war poems might well give space to such soldier poets as Karl Shapiro, Dunstan Thompson, S. F. Morse, Randall Jarrell and Harry Brown?

The truth of the matter is that Miss Davidman, behaving as the party line behaves, is rigidly in love with categories. Having found her category, she decorates it as she sees fit. But the nearer one comes to reality (and reality allows no category), the less the need for decoration. It is instructive to compare the painful simplicity of the laments from Poland with the smug banality of Norman Corwin's radio script.

Significantly enough, Miss Davidman has included almost no work by men actively fighting this war—perhaps because they have an understanding of the situation too accurate for her categories. When Merrill Moore writes from the South Pacific, "War is psychotic, it is wasteful and destructive and I hate it! It is a terrible thing that we are forced to this, but being close to it I can tell you it is necessary and we have to win, for our culture, and if we are to survive," he makes a more valuable contribution than all the high-flown false banners Miss Davidman's coterie are jiggling.

And the good things in this anthology—yes, there are some good things—the poems by Aragon, Lorca, Day Lewis, Brinnin, Hillyer, Van Doren and Gregory, are a reproach to the parochialism that pervades most of these pages.

But to put it another way: poetry is not Miss Davidman's parish.

SGT. WILLIAM ABRAHAMS

Tiger in the Night

Clemenceau, by Geoffrey Bruun. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 225 pages. $3.

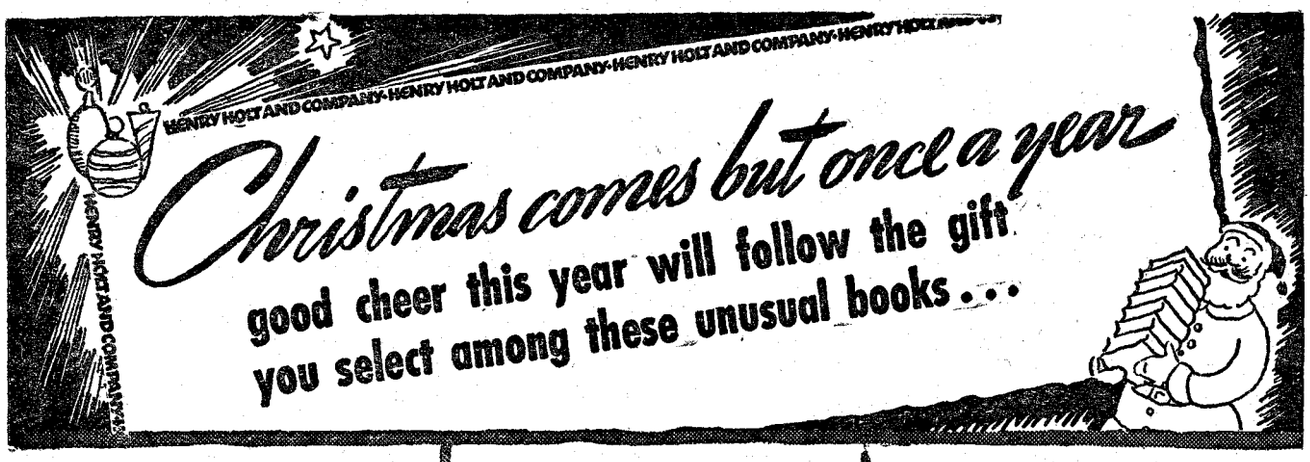
SPEAKING of the great naval battle of Jutland in the First World War, Winston Churchill said that Admiral Jellicoe was the one man on either side who could lose the war in an afternoon. This is "biographical history" with a vengeance and it tastes of gall to those who think that wars are won or lost through the interplay of abstract "forces." But it is not on that account necessarily wrong. What is excessive is the idea that only one man had such an opportunity. There is, moreover, the negative situation that precedes defeat, the absence of the man or the positive act which can avert disaster. It is of this appalling possibility that Mr. Geoffrey Bruun reminds us in his life of Clemenceau. As late as March, 1918, and in the teeth of the renewed German offensive, there was no unified command. The Allies were being beaten piecemeal, with the best-intentioned generals standing on traditional punctilio until forced (by the enemy) to retreat. But even a broken resistance and a broken self-will will not automatically fuse with similar fragments from a neighboring sector. It was Clemenceau who pleaded, stormed and schemed to achieve pragmatic unity, and so saved the day in spite of all the generals but Foch. "Had the fatalistic mood," says Professor Bruun, "which dominated Haig and Pétain prevailed at this moment, a retreat from Dunkirk might have occurred in 1918 instead of 1940."

The making of this observation is not the goal of Professor Bruun's admirably composed biography, nor even its main point. True to his commission as a writer in the Harvard series of "Makers of Modern Europe," and true to his own scholarly instincts, the author has a much broader purpose than to capitalize on present interest in military matters. He has a life of eighty-eight years to recount and its intelligibility depends on a knowledge of its now distant beginnings and extraordinary middle period. The Clemenceau of the war and peace occupies scarcely more than his legitimate one-third of the total space. The result is a full but not minute, sympathetic but not uncritical, view of a great statesman of modern times.

I use "great" here to indicate a degree of moral power and intellectual quality in the man, and not by any means to assess the permanent or even temporary worth of his policies. This distinction is usual enough in dealing with figures of an earlier period: we say that Talleyrand and Metternich were great statesmen whether we loathe or admire their deeds and designs. Judged in this fashion, which Mr. Bruun makes acceptable through the fine precision of his detail, Clemenceau cannot be denied commanding stature. He was of a different caliber from that of the Edward Greys and William II's, Bethmann-Hollwegs, Berchtolds or Czernins, who give us the common measure for his day. Clemenceau knew his Europe, had an unerring eye for the main point, possessed superhuman energy and dominated men by a knowledge and contempt of their ways which meant, at any rate, superiority.

It was of course the admixture of contempt that kept him from the highest reach of greatness. In the end, those he had served while hating them turned against him with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
Christmas comes but once a year
good cheer this year will follow the gift
you select among these unusual books . . .

Ernie Pyle
HERE IS YOUR WAR
● America's most beloved reporter gives us "a full-length deeply human portrait of the American soldier in action . . . the things that those at home want most to know." — *New York Times.* Illus., $3.00

Albert Spalding
RISE TO FOLLOW
● The long-awaited autobiography of America's most popular violinist, written with gayety, humor, and charm. A book that will warm your heart, even if you don't know a note of music. $3.50.

Crockett Johnson
BARNABY
● 40th thousand! "If the adventures of Barnaby constitute a comic strip, then so do the adventures of Huckleberry Finn. BARNABY is the most important addition to American arts and letters in Lord knows how many years." — *Dorothy Parker, P M.* $2.00.

Albert E. Idell
CENTENNIAL SUMMER
● The story of the Rogers family and their terrific relatives from Paris in the jubilee year 1876, when the Centennial Exposition made Philadelphia the center of the world. "Full of bounce and vitality." — *N. Y. Times.* $2.75.

Bernice Richmond
WINTER HARBOR
● If you can't get a lighthouse, get WINTER HARBOR. A prescription for happiness you won't want to miss. Bunny and Reg pushed the world away to work out a life of their own in the lighthouse they had always wanted. Illus., $2.50.

Reginald Marsh
and Jeremy Gury
The 'Round-and-'Round Horse
● A beautiful and entrancing Christmas package for 5- to 8-year olds, about a merry-go-round horse and the little boy who rode him throughout some exciting adventures. A charming story, by Jeremy Gury, illustrated in full color by one of America's most distinguished and popular artists. $1.50.

Keith Jennison
DEDICATION
● A book worthy of reading aloud to men going into battle (as was Paine's *Crisis*) . . . to school assemblies, to Congress, and to the assembled congregations of all creeds. If a Pulitzer award existed for picture-with-text books, DEDICATION would do honor to the prize." — *Philadelphia Record.* $2.50.

Carl Carmer
THE WAR against GOD
● "A devoted Christian layman presents a compilation of significant Nazi statements on religion and Christianity, and of answers to this challenge inside Germany and the democratic world. For those looking for "devotional" reading on the issues of this war." — *New York Times Book Review.* $2.75.

Nancy Wilson Ross
THE WAVES
● "A masterpiece in its comprehension and accuracy . . . Renders a real service especially to the *women* in the Navy, by presenting their part in the war effort so graciously and so intelligently." — *Mildred H. McAfee,* Lieut. Comdr. USNR., Director of Women's Reserve. Illustrated, $2.50.

Mark Van Doren
THE NIGHT OF THE SUMMER SOLSTICE
● "Twenty tales, many of them close to reportage, by seven Russian writers who give us something the communiqués and official reports cannot supply." — *The New Yorker.* $2.50.

Taro Yashima
THE NEW SUN
● The autobiography in pictures and words, of a young Japanese painter and cartoonist who fought against his country's growing imperialism for years, despite suppression, jail and torture. He and his wife finally escaped to the U.S. where he wrote and illustrated this amazing document. $2.75.

Mark Van Doren
LIBERAL EDUCATION
● "A kind of wild passion runs through this book that gives it a strange, vatic eloquence . . . Dozens of crisp sentences call for quotation . . . Mark Van Doren is not pleading that youth be taught as he was taught; he is excitedly concerned for the democratic future."—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50.

Remember somebody with WAR BONDS

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, 257 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a kindred feeling. He was not the hero cast off by the populace for the wrong reasons, but for the right ones; thus no revision of the verdict is possible.

Having grasped and shown the inverted passion, the self-destructiveness, that drove Clemenceau onward through a long career of scrimmage and disaster to the confessed "wretchedness" of the 1918 victory, Mr. Bruun is able to give an emotional unity to his narrative and at times to make us suffer the gloom and pathos of a primitive epic. The scornful youth from the Vendée trying to dazzle Civil War New York by his dandyism; the angry, ill mated husband of an American girl; the mayor of a Paris district facing firing squads during the Commune; the infallible duellist and not unimpeachable defender of the Republic; the parliamentary buccaneer bent on torpedoing cabinets; the skillful diplomat who gave up domestic reform shortly before the First World War; finally the merciless opponent of Germans and defeatists after 1917—this man was but a desperately fearful character, a sentimentalist, says Mr. Bruun, whose gangsterism was a mode of survival he himself despised, a trained reflex for getting in the first shot.

The other Clemenceau, avid for love and often tempted to give it, was the man who turned his mayor's office into a free clinic, charity bureau and dispensary for general "straightening" and advice. He was the patient administrator of municipal affairs and courageous author of half a dozen books on social reform; he was the vain seeker after demonstrative affection from his children and intimates, and the no less vain seeker for death on the battle front or surcease in the absorption of Greek thought.

Though he was indeed a maker of modern history—like Wellington, whom he much resembles, in an earlier day—it would be hard to say what Clemenceau has made or said or thought which has survived him. Though he had the yearning to capture lasting fame, his early recognition that to want power is folly did not save him, nor his hope. He became powerful, but he lacked the faith that dignifies power by assigning it a selfless goal. He "saved" France but the fighting once done, he lacked magnanimity, even in manners, because he lacked respect for human beings, himself foremost. The terms he would have set for peace were more moderate than those urged by Foch and Poincaré or by economic groups behind the scenes; but all this was forgotten in, and confused by, his attitude, and he shortly became the "loser of the victory," a sulking Achilles whom no one will coax out of his tent because he is old and of no use.

These rough generalities and sharp impressions emerge so naturally from Professor Bruun's beautifully organized study that one is tempted to suppose that they have always been obvious. This is not so. Previous books on the subject have been gushing or vindictive, perfunctory or specialized. Mr. Bruun has done an immense amount of research; he has bound together background and foreground with the skill of an old master; he has written in swift yet unhurried prose a book of which every page contains a fact, a maxim, a connection worth noting. If the work is something less than perfect, it is in details only. One wishes there had been at least a few sizable examples of Clemenceau's social thought, even at the expense of the later, rather turgid, philosophizing. In the French quotations that are so aptly chosen and placed, there are too many mistakes and misprints. And lastly, in Mr. Bruun's own prose, normally so pure, the weaving in of poetic tags is at times more than anybody but Bartlett could bear. Happily this is a rare fault. The book remains, not the definitive biography of Clemenceau—it is too soon and the archives are too tight for that—but certainly the standard one. JACQUES BARZUN

Toward a World Republic

Common Cause, by G. A. Borgese. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 448 pages. $3.50.

PROFESSOR BORGESE, who came to the United States from Fascist Italy thirteen years ago, writes now with the confirmed assurance of an American. Passing through what he found to be the "treacherous reaches" of an English language less simple than it looks to be, he plays with it now as if it were fencing sword and quarterstaff. The reader sometimes forgets the target in following the turning of the foil. Since a style rich in figure and allusion is bound to be leisurely, while the matter dealt with moves apace, the effect is of a historian pressed upon by history. That is the effect, at least, until the subject matter takes possession of the book, at which point Professor Borgese forgets his mastery of English and thereby completes it.

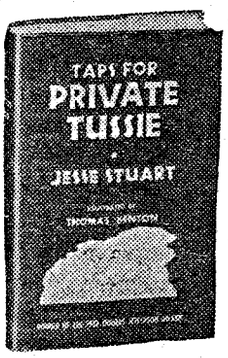
More significant is the fact that Borgese has become so thorough an American that he feels free to discuss motes and beams in the politics and social organization of his adopted country. His own experiences, before and after coming to this country in a ship upon which "Freedom was the figurehead on the bow," are so thoroughly a part of his road to knowledge that his study of American and world affairs is to a great extent personalized. Events and policies are seen largely as they impressed him individually, at the moment of their happening, without too great a searching for correctives. This leads to minor distortions, especially when linked with fallacies in military strategy, but also to fundamental truth.

Churchill is correctly appraised as one who sensed the coming storm and thought of it in terms of inescapable fight, but who saw it as a fight "against imperialist Germany, not against world fascism." Yet the chief evidence cited to support this estimate—Churchill's incredible 1938 article in Collier's eulogizing Mussolini—clashes so discordantly with Borgese's personal knowledge of Italian fascism that he makes less than due allowance for the water that has flowed over the dam. Also, presenting England almost entirely in terms of the ruling classes, he seems to undervalue the pressures for democracy among the British people. But in the uncompromising firmness of his own principles he finds a challenge for every compromise with fascism, whether it be in a Roosevelt-Hull-Leahy deal with Vichy France, or Churchill's zeal for the restoration of unwanted kings in Greece and Yugoslavia.

In dealing with Roosevelt, Borgese records in sequence his flaming hopes and gnawing doubts, but makes no attempt at a synthesis. He rates the present President after Washington, Lincoln and Wilson in his impress upon the country. Through him the United States of America are called "to become the Uniting States of the World." To achieve this it is necessary to reject "demofascism" (including its product, racism, in America), forget the ways of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The December Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club



TAPS FOR PRIVATE TUSSIE

by JESSE STUART

This is *not* a war book. It is an enchanting novel of extraordinary people—rich in characterization, racing with excitement and bubbling with humor. *"Never was there a book the pages of which the reader turned more eagerly."*—Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

Regular edition, $2.50. Special gift edition, with full-page color illustrations by Thomas Benton, $2.75.

WINNER OF THE 1943 THOMAS JEFFERSON SOUTHERN AWARD

Over 400,000, including Book-of-the-Month Club

"THE FIRST AND ONLY COMPLETE STORY OF OUR MAJOR NAVAL BATTLES."

"A book totally without heroics, tough, realistic, and tight with breathcatching suspense . . . written with masterly simplicity."
—*Chicago Tribune*

"Something about it, the human flashes and the narrative power, brings the reader close to what was going on and opens his eyes to the meaning and reality of battle."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

Illustrated with official action photographs. $3.00

THE PACIFIC IS MY BEAT

The Human Side of Our Pacific War

by KEITH WHEELER

THE GRIM REAPERS

By STANLEY JOHNSTON, author of *Queen of the Flat-Tops*. The Pacific war seen from the cockpits of Squadron VF-Ten. *Maps and official photographs.* $2.75

THE ONE STORY

The Life of Christ. Arranged by MANUEL KOMROFF from The Four Gospels without omitting any event and without the addition of a single word not found in The Authorized King James Version. $2.50

MALTA STORY

By W. L. RIVER. Based on the Diary and Experiences of Lt. HOWARD M. COFFIN, U.S.A.A.F., formerly Flying Officer with the R.A.F. "A great book!"—*Chicago Trib.* $2.50

SING FOR CHRISTMAS

By OPAL WHEELER. The words and music of all your favorite carols. Dozens of full-page color illustrations by Gustaf Tenggren.

America's Leading Best-Seller

"The book is of sensational importance."—*N. Y. Times.*
"Bristling with almost incredible revelations."
—*Detroit News*
"A book laden with TNT."
—*Minneapolis Tribune*

UNDER COVER

by JOHN ROY CARLSON

**532,000 in 15 weeks*

***Fastest selling $3.50 book in American publishing history. Sales figures do not include book club distribution. There are no reprint sales or lower priced editions.**

E. P. DUTTON & CO.
300 FOURTH AVE.
NEW YORK 10 N. Y.

Check the titles on this page against your holiday gift list and simply take it to your bookseller.

OSCAR OF THE WALDORF
By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER. Golden memories of Peacock Alley, interwoven with the rich biography of Oscar. *Photos.* $3.50

ANCHORS TO WINDWARD
By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. A thoughful guide to creative happiness through the four freedoms of the spirit. $2.00

JOE FOSS, Flying Marine
The story of his Flying Circus as told to WALTER SIMMONS.
"Joe Foss emerges not only as the greatest American ace of this war but as an able observer of these heroic battles."—*N. Y. Times. Illustrated with photographs.* $2.50

ARTHUR GUITERMAN
The last book from one of America's favorite poets. Introduction by Eleanor Graham. $2.50

BRAVE LAUGHTER

THEY SHALL NOT HAVE ME
By JEAN HELION. "As exciting an escape story as any novelist ever cooked up."—*Newsweek.* $3.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YALE

CONNECTICUT YANKEE

WILBUR L. CROSS

The Autobiography of "Uncle Toby"—scholar, teacher, statesman, and four times Governor of Connecticut.

"No review can give you an adequate notion of this delectable personality. . . . These pages are sprinkled with salty wit and replete with chuckles. . . . Dr. Cross wears his vast erudition lightly, but he cannot conceal that this undiluted Yankee is also a gem of purest ray serene."—Silas Bent in the *New Republic.*

"A shrewd, canny, humorous tale, packed with exact information and kindly innuendo, fighting with a sword of wit behind a shield of assumed simplicity."—Odell Shepard in the *Nation.*

Illustrated. Second Printing. $5.00

RUSSIA AND POST-WAR EUROPE

DAVID J. DALLIN

In this book the author of SOVIET RUSSIA'S FOREIGN POLICY, 1939-1942 continues the story from that date and attempts to answer the question of what its future will be. A cool, dispassionate analysis of the "riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." $2.75

TWELVE SPANISH AMERICAN POETS

AN ANTHOLOGY

EDITED BY H. R. HAYS

The translations are by Mr. Hays, and the poems are printed with the Spanish originals opposite the English. There is a biographical and critical note on each of the twelve poets.

"The publication of this anthology should bring cheer to the hearts of those who love Latin American poetry."—The *Nation.* *Second Printing.* $3.50

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF JUNG

JOLAN JACOBI

With a Foreword by Dr. Jung

A work of genuine synthesis which Jung himself, in a foreword, welcomes as a general survey of his researches. It includes the most complete bibliography of Jung's writings yet published.

Illustrated. $2.50

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Haven 7, Connecticut

thought which are related to "blood and soil," place liberty above liberation in Europe and work out an economic system devoted to the welfare of the common man. There is no undue optimism in the quest for the required leadership. If Willkie's followers could but think their thoughts through! If Wallace could step from prayer to action! "If Roosevelt, reminiscent of his road, chose to walk it to the end."

The "common cause" toward which Borgese's argument moves is a partnership between Russia and the Western democracies, culminating in a republic of the world. It must be based upon a moving of Russia toward political democracy and personal liberty, and of the Western democracies toward "communalism"—which is not presented as Russian communism but as an undefined socialism which, just so it breaks the hold of privilege, might be anything from communism to the land freedom of Henry George. There is evident fear that the motion in this direction will be too slow to forestall chaos or a unified imperialism—the alternatives to the world republic. Three obstacles are seen—the danger that Russia herself is moving away from economic democracy; the inbred isolationism of Britain and the United States; the long-term conservative planning of the Catholic Church, which points toward fascism.

Borgese's description of Vatican policy, not merely of this moment but of the ages, is the real *raison d'être* of his book. Part of what he says about the common cause has been outrun by the Moscow Conference; other parts are but a hope of what might but will not be. His analysis of Pope Leo XIII's encyclical on labor, "Rerum Novarum," as a shrewd weapon for keeping labor in its place and idleness in its palace; his point-by-point dissection of Church diplomacy aimed at temporal supremacy and the freezing of political and economic conservatism upon the world; his discussion of the bearing of these policies upon American politics and government—these are so devastating that they fragmentize his book, rendering a part of it more important than the whole. The analysis is not that of an anti-Catholic, for he sees in liberal Catholics, if they dare to challenge the doctrine of infallibility, the force that may unite Christianity in a new catholicity. IRVING BRANT

Science for the Layman

Science at War, by George W. Gray. New York: Harper and Brothers. 266 pages. $3.

A Treasury of Science, edited by Harlow Shapley, Samuel Rapport and Helen Wright. New York: Harper and Brothers. 716 pages. $3.95.

IN ONE ASPECT, journalism has improved enormously in recent years. The writing about science in the popular press is very much better than before—so good, in fact, that most of the scientists themselves now depend upon it for scientific news outside their own specialties. While there is still some bad reporting in the newspapers, this is the exception rather than the rule. Each of the great metropolitan dailies has the services of one or more men thoroughly versed in chemistry, physics and biology who write with scrupulous respect for the facts. This is true also of the press associations and of the more reputable magazines. Quite possibly, the science writers are performing a service more important than they themselves realize, for they are bring-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing at least an inkling of the scientific spirit, of skepticism about unverified statements, to a public which sorely needs such an approach.

Among the popularizers, George W. Gray has an honored place both for his accuracy of statement and for his competent, orderly presentation of his material. So far as I know, his book, "Science at War," is the first to deal with that subject—though you may be sure it will not be the last. It suffers from the fact that many of the most important applications of science to the war are still secret, even though it contains some material which the Office of Censorship refused to pass as recently as four months ago. There is not much in his book not already familiar to the careful reader of the daily press, but it is here presented in fuller detail and with more vivid writing than you get in the newspapers. Mr. Gray tells how the magnetic mine was overcome, the story of the radio locator, of rocket guns, explosives, the war applications of plastics and synthetics, and gives an unusually complete account of recent medical advance as applied to war. One weakness of his book is that it contains a great deal about America, a little about England and almost nothing about Russia, or any of the enemy countries. It is easy to see why he had to leave out Germany, but some hard digging should have produced important and interesting material from Russia. Mr. Gray also discusses propaganda techniques, in a chapter that does not seem quite in tune with the rest of the book, and makes the familiar but sound point that science could remake the world if we would only give it a chance. His book is to be warmly recommended to those interested in current applications of science, who do not read the scientific journals in which these matters are usually reported.

"A Treasury of Science" is, as its title indicates, another anthology of short selections on science, and it is certainly one of the best of its kind; no one will need to do this job again for a long time. Every anthology gives an effect of sketchiness; but this one is better than most, in that the editors made a pattern for themselves and selected the material under each heading with excellent taste and obviously very wide reading.

There are four main parts to the book: a section on science and the scientists, one on the physical world, the world of life and the world of man. In each section there are quotations from the earliest important writers, men like Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Franklin and Darwin; but there are also quotations from contemporary authors—including, for example, a chapter from Mr. Gray's book, reviewed above.

One rigid criterion has evidently been readability, so successfully applied that for me, at any rate, there is not a dull page in the book. Now and then this emphasis has resulted in including some rather queer selections, such as Dallas Lore Sharp's amusing but unimportant adventure story of how he brought fresh turtle eggs to Agassiz, or "The Popol Vuh," the story of the creation of the world and of man as told by the Quichés. Here you will also find such old favorites as Sir James Jeans's discussion of the possibility of life on other planets; Paul B. Sears's indictment of man's wastefulness of the soil; Lancelot Hogben's essay on mathematics as the mirror of civilization; the brilliant tour de force by Henry Schacht on life inside the atom; Julian Huxley's famous piece on the courtship of animals and Paul de

HARPER CHECK LIST

EDNA ST. VINCENT
MILLAY'S
☐ COLLECTED LYRICS
A literary event of first importance—over two hundred lyrics arranged chronologically.
Cloth, $5.00. Leather, 2 vols., boxed, $15.00

LOUIS
ADAMIC'S
☐ MY NATIVE LAND
"To help Americans see through the smokescreen which stupid propaganda has laid down in order to obscure the truth about what goes on in Yugoslavia."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.75

Edited by
SHAPLEY, Rapport, Wright
☐ A TREASURY OF SCIENCE
Over-all picture of science by the greatest scientific writers. "Brilliant compilation. Great fun."—Clifton Fadiman, *New Yorker.* 728 pp. $3.95

GEORGE W.
GRAY'S
☐ SCIENCE AT WAR
How much we depend on science to win the war and heal war's wounds. "First-class."—Waldemar Kaempffert, Science Editor, *N. Y. Times.* $3.00

ALAN
MOOREHEAD'S
☐ THE END IN AFRICA
The warmly perceptive, human, eye-witness story of our African victory. By the author of *Don't Blame the Generals.* $2.75

SUSAN
ERTZ'S
☐ ANGER IN THE SKY
A brilliant novel of changing England under the impact of total war. By the author of *After Noon, Madame Claire,* etc. $2.75

MARTIN
FLAVIN'S
☐ JOURNEY IN THE DARK
The Harper Prize Novel. "As genuine and moving as life itself."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.75

HARPER & BROTHERS
49 East 33rd Street, New York 16

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Library of Glorious Reading
in a single volume of over 1,000 pages
The Largest and Most Comprehensive One-Volume Collection of Russian Literature Ever Published—Both Classic and Contemporary

A TREASURY OF *Russian Literature*

Edited, with an Introduction and Biographical Notes, by
BERNARD GUILBERT GUERNEY

Contains:
2 complete, unabridged novels: by DOSTOIEVSKI and TURGENEV
3 full-length plays: by CHEKHOV, GORKI, & GOGOL
novelettes by TOLSTOI and other Russian giants
short stories, poems, humorous sketches, proverbs, etc., etc.

"To wander through this fine compilation of both old and new Russian literature is to enjoy the Russians all over again. Here you can reread old favorites and discover new names.... The book offers excellent entertainment, besides introducing us again to a beloved literature." —BERNARDINE KIELTY, in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

Special Gift Edition $3.95
(After Christmas the price will be increased)

VANGUARD PRESS 424 Madison Avenue, New York 17

You Are Invited to Attend a Forum on the

VITAL PROBLEMS OF
ASIA AND THE POSTWAR WORLD

Wednesday evening, December 8, 1943
at
TOWN HALL
123 W. 43d St., New York City

Participants:
Pierre Van Paassen
President, Asia League of America
Hayim Greenberg
Editor, The Jewish Frontier
Channing Liem (*Korea*)
Dr. Wuosaofong (*China*)
Mirza Ahmed Sohrab (*Persia*)
Dr. Haridas T. Mazumdar (*India*)
Dr. Taraknath Das (*Presiding*)

Auspices: ASIA LEAGUE OF AMERICA
Sen. Elbert D. Thomas of Utah, Honorary Chairman
Room 1204, One West 43rd Street
Reserved Section: Twenty-five Cents

Kruif's brief biography of Leeuwenhoek, inventor of the microscope. I was glad to see quotations from David Starr Jordan, an iothyologist whose sound scientific work has suffered because of the unpopularity of his pacifist views during the First World War. There are many other well known names: J. Arthur Thomson, Patrick Geddes, Einstein, Eddington, Pavlov and such contemporary scientists and science reporters as J. B. S. Haldane, Waldemar Kaempffert, C. C. Furnas, Donald Culross Peattie, William Beebe, Raymond Ditmars, Gustav Eckstein, Sir Arthur Keith, Earnest A. Hooton, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Amram Scheinfeld, Logan Clendening, Victor Heiser, A. A. Brill, David Dietz, Kirtley F. Mather and James Harvey Robinson. Robinson and Brill are two of the four authors who discuss "man's mind," in one of the less satisfactory sections of the work. One wonders why William James was not included here. As in the case of all anthologies, choice may have been handicapped for technical reasons.

It would not be hard to make another anthology similar to this one out of the men or the selections that do not appear; but such activity would be pointless. The authors of this work have given us 716 pages of material, and as far as I am aware, every important aspect of science is included, from astronomy to biology, from psychology to physics. If you know an amateur of science, I suggest that your Christmas gift problem is over. B. B.

Contributors

COLEMAN ROSENBERGER is a member of the Virginia Bar.

JAMES JEFFRYS is a publicist living in London.

LOUIS ARAGON is now living in Unoccupied France. His most recent books of verse have been "Le Crève-Coeur" and "Les Yeux d'Elsa."

HENRY MILLER, the author, among other books, of "The Cosmological Eye" and "Tropic of Capricorn," is living in California and working on a sequel to the latter book, "The Rosy Crucifixion."

ALFRED KANTOROWICZ was a foreign correspondent for the Vossische Zeitung. He has been in exile from Germany since 1933. He founded, also in 1933, the League of German Writers in Exile. At present he is with the Columbia Broadcasting System.

THEODORE SPENCER is an associate professor of English at Harvard University. He has recently been the Phi Beta Kappa poet at the College of William and Mary, at Tufts College and at Harvard.

MAX WERNER's new book, "Attack Can Win in '43," was published last spring by Little, Brown and Company.

IRA WOLFERT is the author of "Battle for the Solomons," "Tucker's People," a novel, and "Torpedo 8." He received the 1943 Pulitzer Prize for war correspondence.

SGT. WILLIAM ABRAHAMS is a graduate of Harvard, 1941, where he twice received the Garrison poetry prize. He was an associate editor of Vice Versa and has contributed to Poetry, The New Yorker and Common Sense. He has been in the army 17 months.

JACQUES BARZUN is associate professor of History at Columbia University. His new work, "Romanticism and the Modern Ego," an Atlantic Monthly Press Book, was published in September by Little, Brown.

IRVING BRANT's latest book, "Peace and the Road to Freedom," has just been published by Bobbs-Merrill. He resigned as editorial writer for The Chicago Sun on November 1, in order to write the second volume of his life of James Madison.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED